THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER 1, 1817. No. XXIII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. A COTTAGE	249
2. VIEWS OF LIEBENSTEIN	277
3. LADIES' BALL DRESS	300
4. ——— WALKING DRESS	*ib.*
5. AN OTTOMAN FOR A GALLERY	306
6. PATTERN FOR NEEDLE-WORK.	

CONTENTS.

PAGE

FINE ARTS.

Architectural Hints.—A Cottage . . . 249

MISCELLANIES.

Sentimental Travels to the South of France. Letter XI.—Departure from Caverac—Return to Nismes—Arrival at Avignon . . . 250

Correspondence of the Adviser.—Letter from Charles Changemind . . . 257

The Stroller's Tale, sketched from Nature 259

Abdallah, or the Triumph of Truth, an Eastern Tale . . . 263

Gleanings illustrative of old Customs, Manners, &c.—Short Stages, Coaches, Raffles, and Boats—Donation of a Hat for a Sermon—Improvements in London—Whigs and Tories—The Temple Revels—Round-Heads—The Bustoes at Richmond—Cheselden and the Convict—Gambadoes—Pantomimes—Umbrellas . . . 270

The History of Civilis . . . 274

Description of Liebenstein, a Watering-place in the Territory of Saxe-Meiningen, by GEORGE SINCLAIR, Esq. . . 277

The Female Tattler. No. XXIII.—On the Power of Imagination—The Turtledove and the Looking-glass, a Fable 281

Zuma, or the Discovery of Quinquina, a Tale, by Madame DE GENLIS . . . 285

PAGE

THE SELECTOR.

Illustrations of the Manners of the New-Zealanders, from NICHOLAS'S *Narrative of a Voyage to New-Zealand* . . 294

Relation of the Massacre of the Crew of the Ship Boyd at Wangeroa, New-Zealand, from the same . . . 297

FASHIONS.

London Fashions.—Ladies' Ball Dress . 300

Ladies' Walking Dress . . . *ib.*

General Observations on Fashion and Dress . . . 301

French Female Fashions . . . 303

Fashionable Furniture.—An Ottoman for a Gallery . . . 306

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC . . . *ib.*

POETRY.

Sonnet . . . 308

To the Harvest Moon, by HENRY KIRKE WHITE . . . *ib.*

Lines written in a Highland Glen . . . 309

Ode to the Memory of Lord NELSON, by Mrs. J. COBBOLD . . . *ib.*

Lines to a Lady who refused to accept of a Knife from the Writer . . . 310

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We are under the necessity of apologizing to our readers for the omission of the Musical Review *in the present Number, owing to the indisposition of our Reviewer.*

We recommend to Speculator *to submit his Observations to the Committee at Lloyd's, if he wishes them to produce any effect.*

Placidia *is assured, that the article which seems to have ruffled her so much, contains not, as she suspects, the slightest reflection either on her gentle temper or fair fame.*

The Satire of Crito *is too coarse for our pages. The papers signed* L.—W. P.—Apollonia—Margaret—*and* Hibernicus, *are also inadmissible.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER 1, 1817. NO. XXIII.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 24.—A COTTAGE.

THIS small and ornamental building would contain six rooms, three on the ground-floor, and three chambers above them: if needful, and the situation would admit of digging for under-ground cellars, they might be formed beneath one or more parlours, as the family to occupy it might require. The steward, bailiff, or farmer to an estate, would find this a convenient and comfortable building; and being, notwithstanding, small in its appearance, the cottage would be a pleasing and picturesque accompaniment to rural scenery.

Few embellishments of an estate are more interesting than those small buildings which compose the farm-offices and residences for the active and the superannuated domestics and other servants of the domain, particularly if they are designed in a manner conformable to the surrounding scenery, and distributed about the property with judgment. Such buildings, neat, clean, and in good repair, become testimonies of that liberality and care of his dependants that have always been a distinguishing feature in the character of a British gentleman.

The walls are designed to be of brick-work, and the roof to be covered with rag-slating; the ornamental parts being executed in the Roman cement, and the outside coloured to match it. A useful and durable paint for such purposes is manufactured from the refuse materials in the preparation of other paints, and called the Roman anti-corrosive: it is not more expensive than paints in general, and possesses several very important properties suitable to outside painting.

MISCELLANIES.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE,

LETTER XI.

December 30.

THE joy in which the whole family last night retired to rest was this morning still visible in all their faces, and contributed to the fresh intoxication in which they so willingly indulged.

I took, it is true, a lively interest in their transports; and, as the author of their felicity, I might even have considered myself the happiest in the company, had I chosen to assume this pre-eminence, without first inquiring of my frigid reason whether I had a right to it. As it was, however, I felt, amidst the general rejoicing, the want of sober meditation. I therefore stole away till dinner-time from the circle of these happy mortals, and no sooner did I find myself alone in the solitary walk, which I took for the last time about the charming Caverac, than I was plunged over head and ears in a philosophic disquisition on the value, cause, connection, and composition of my incontestably joyful sensations.

Now this kind of mental pastime, as you must know from experience, is the most unprofitable on the face of the earth; and God knows why so many learned men are at such pains to habituate us from our youth to this amusement, the only result of which in general is, that we disturb by it the water in which we intended to fish—that we make a low bow to our own figure, which appears indistinctly enough in it—and return not more contented, but more grave, to the scene of pleasure which we quitted without necessity.

To confess the truth, I fared not a whit better on this occasion. Profound as my reflections on myself might be, yet a transient smile of approbation, extorted by a minute comparison of my feelings at Caverac with my whims at Berlin, and a thought on you, were the only profit of my meditations; and it is still a question with me, whether this mental rumination, which I might have deferred till it was more needful, has made me amends for the interruption of the enjoyment of that social intoxication.

It is extremely fortunate when, among the hundreds of figures that cross and jostle one another at such times in our imaginations, we unexpectedly discover that of one of our particular favourites. No sooner did the image of the good La Fontaine occur to my mind during my reverie, than, forsaking all that had preceded, I attached myself to him alone, and good-humouredly followed his steps as, unacquainted with his own greatness, and careless of food and raiment, he fabled through the world. I took him along with me just as he came from mass with the book of Baruch in his hand, and stopped every passenger that he met in the streets, to inquire if they could tell him

where the author of that book lived?—to my noontide repast, and made him recite by the way his fable of *Les Animaux malades de la Peste*. To him alone it was probably owing that I did not return quite out of temper to my company, who, on their part, had not meanwhile interrupted the current of their pleasure for a single moment by reflections on its nature and secret composition.

I now ran, I believe, into the contrary extreme; for I should be somewhat perplexed if a wise man were to ask me how I had spent my afternoon. All the answer I could give him would be—I trifled it away. Margot, as you know, is but a child, and it would have been absurd to act the philosopher in her society. I was curious to know what ideas she had formed of matrimony, and her future duties as a housewife; but such was the motley mixture of her notions, that were I in John's place, I should feel rather qualmish about it.

Towards evening, after abundance of chat on this subject, she brought the robber once more on the carpet. I referred her to her lover. "At the opera-house in Berlin," said I, "he has seen, though but from the gallery, one of these scoundrels conducted to the gallows."

"It served him right," cried Margot. "But tell me, what had he done? for I am fond of hearing stories of murders, and the like."

"Done?" rejoined I; "he had done things of which you would not be able to form any conception if I were to tell you."

This led her to an idea that at first staggered me, but afterwards pleased me so well, that I have ever since been seriously intent on its realization.

"I'll tell you what," said the little goosecap, "when I have lived a year with my John, and am fourteen, we will pay a visit to you and my brother in Berlin. You have related so many extraordinary things concerning my John's native town, that I am curious to see the wonderful place. Ah!" continued she, clasping her hands, "what joy it would give me to see, after so long an absence, our dear, good, excellent master, who was so fond of walking here with me, who leaves me a beloved husband behind, and who so kindly takes my poor rogue of a brother off my hands!" Two or three warm drops that fell at the same moment from her eyes upon my hand, electrified my whole frame.

"An excellent idea, indeed, Margot!" said I. "Yes, you shall both come to see me, and the journey shall cost you nothing. Give me your hand upon it."—And if it were only to convince you, Edward, of the truth of all that I have said of the girl, her visit would be a high gratification to me.

December 31.

The last day of the year is here already. I should care but little about that, if it were not also the day which will part me from the best creatures I ever knew. This consideration renders it a solemn day for me. But I must not betray my internal emotion—of what use would that be?

They have no suspicion but that I shall chat and trifle away this evening at least with them, and

slumber away the night in the neighbourhood of little Margot. When I take up my hat and stick after dinner, she will skip about me, follow me to the door, throw a kiss after me, and desire me to return soon from the hill. The door will jar—and my part here will be over.

When the day declines, and they begin to look out for me, Bastian is to make his appearance and deliver the epilogue, which I dare say he will do with due decorum, and according to my instructions. This will be the shortest way to come off. The presents that I shall leave behind, Bastian will distribute agreeably to my directions among them. I could not venture to be present at the scene, which the astonishment, the gratitude, and the tears of these good folks, who are so easily affected and so easily satisfied, will infallibly produce.

These precautions would, nevertheless, procure me but a short respite; for in the impetuosity of their emotions, the whole caravan would, I am certain, follow me beyond the frontiers if I had not given the most rigid orders on this subject to my representative.

While all this is passing here, I shall pace my lonely pavilion at Nismes, and sing to myself, that I may not hear how my heart beats.

I shall carry nothing with me but my journal, for which there is still room in my pocket. The rest of my things Bastian is to bring with him to-morrow morning. The poor fellow is not to make mention of any of his relations to me for at least a week to come, upon pain of my displeasure.

NISMES.

My friend, I have escaped—like a fish that has bitten off the bait, and swims away with it, hook and all in his throat. Had I been reduced to beggary, and been obliged to forsake a country where I had reigned with sovereign sway, my heart could scarcely have felt more oppressed than when I had turned my back upon the abode of peace and joy, when I found myself cut off from all that was dear to me, and the whole wide cheerless world lay before me. Alas! nothing accompanied me but my dreary shadow. I missed Margot's sonorous voice, and the attendance of my faithful talkative John; nay, my wandering looks would sometimes expatiate in quest of my poor asthmatic Mops, and return disappointed at his loss. Oh! how many other keen emotions—upon which, out of tenderness to myself, I cannot touch—were associated with this oppressive feeling of separation and solitude! At every step that I took I seemed to leave part of myself behind.

I could not conquer my dislike to keep the high-road, and to pass the stone bench, where, as you know, my self-love exulted without occasion, and where, owing to a mistake that I cannot yet forgive myself, it was so powerfully excited. In such cases, dear Edward, it is extremely convenient to find, as I did, a by-path turning off from the high-road. The ease that it afforded me, however, was not worth mentioning; for though I met neither people nor asses to remind me of my village, I could not possibly avoid every bush, every shrub, and every plant that resem-

bled those upon the woody hill: and when I took it into my head to ascend an eminence that lay a little on one side, I deprived myself at once of all the benefit of the circuit which I had so cunningly made; for now, in the spacious circle of the enchanting Languedoc that was spread out before me, the dear little Caverac appeared so near that my eyes overflowed before I was aware.

I gave free scope for a while to my childish heart; but when approaching evening began to throw her veil over the country, I seized the opportunity for giving it my solemn benediction. It was a sweetly soothing moment, that raised me above myself—a feeling such as the Holy Father alone can enjoy when dispensing blessings from the balcony of St. Peter's, and when his whole people, warmed with enthusiastic devotion, fall on their knees before him. The village where Margot dwelt, seemed, till it vanished from my sight for ever, to reflect a mild radiance, which strengthened, cheered, and tranquillized my soul. I seized with renewed courage my pilgrim's staff, and strove to persuade myself that I was composed and contented.

How dead and spiritless all the costly pictures of our cabinets appear, when we turn from them for a time, and feast our eyes on the grander pictures of Nature! Nismes, with its antiquities, its companies, and its entertainments—how little does it offer for the heart compared with the unadorned pleasures of my rural retreat, which needed no decoration! As I entered my pavilion, it seemed ridiculously large. I sat down immediately to my journal, in hopes that employment would dispel the disagreeable sensations which seized me in this desert place, and procure sleep a free access to my heart, which to-day stands in more need of its balm than ever.

NISMES, Jan. 1.

Next morning the youth whom I had yesterday hired, and whom I had totally forgotten, planted himself before my bed in the livery which his brother-in-law had worn with credit, and happily resigned. The thing was perfectly natural, and yet to me it was an unexpected phenomenon, and excited ideas which were absolutely intolerable to my poor philosophy. Judge now for yourself what must be the state of a head that such trifles are capable of discomposing! The appearance of Bastian, his kind congratulations on the new year, and his unlooked-for question whether he should order the horses to be put to—completely confounded me. I looked him doubtfully in the face, as though I had some faint recollection of him, and the only answer I gave was a frown. "No salutation from Margot?" said I to myself; "indeed, that is obeying my orders almost too punctually!" and angrily turned upon the other side. Twice more was it necessary for him to rouse me with his sister's sonorous voice, and with all the traits of resemblance to her sweet face, before I had the resolution to dispatch him with an ill-humoured "Yes." He left me, and I, not half satisfied with myself, slowly rose from bed, and with a kind of defiance proceeded into the adjoining room, where a trifle that await-

ed me dispelled my spleen the moment it met my sight.

It was a rose which Bastian had brought from his sister, and laid upon the paper on which I am writing. I knew it again the moment I saw it. It was the topmost of three buds which grew on a plant that Margot daily carried into the sun and watered. "Nobody but you, sir, shall have the first of them that opens," said the dear girl over and over again; and how it must delight her to be able to keep her word! With trembling hand I held up the flower, and my eyes filled with tears. All the sweet recollections of the rural hours, when, with her sleeves tucked up, she stood before her rose-tree carefully examining it, sometimes driving away a buzzing fly, and at others a greedy wasp, seemed renewed with the smell of this lovely flower, and I could not sufficiently feast my eyes on the fresh hue of this firstling of the year.

You know the Provence roses, dear Edward. Much smaller than ours, redder, more elastic and concentric than our *centifoliæ*, they appear so much the more charming to the eye of a native of the North—at this time of the year too, and unfolded in the solemn night which parted me, alas! for ever from the neighbourly couch of my beloved Margot! Is it any wonder that the contemplation of this flower should make a child of me? I have placed it in my bosom near my throbbing heart, where its gentle pressure, and its delicious perfume, shall only make me the more sensible that I still breathe and am a man. Its fading leaves shall be collected with religious care; they shall be preserved in my portfolio, and shewn to sentimental friends only, as invaluable relics of the sacred Caverac.

The impatient youth has already twice announced, that every thing is ready for my departure. He did so—and I thank him for it—without mentioning the important present that he had so secretly brought me. I will strive to imitate him in the indifference that he affects towards me in regard to the past. I will consider him henceforward not as the brother of my Margot, but as John's brother-in-law and my servant, and never give him occasion to discover my feelings; for if any thing can derogate from our consequence in the eyes of servants, it is the weakness of our hearts. But the horses are neighing and stamping before my carriage—the postillion has repeatedly cracked his whip—I must put up my journal and begone, dear Edward, from this paradise, where I found that girl—the only one perhaps that is worth the expense of love.

AVIGNON, Evening.

No sooner had I settled myself with my Provence rose in the carriage, and Bastian taken his seat opposite to me, than I perceived that I had done wrong to give him such a distinguished place. His look seemed so extraordinary to me by the way, that I almost wished my old snarling companion back from the grave in his stead. As, however, he was once there, I could not think of driving him out again; I was obliged to put up with it if his inquisitive eyes sometimes unseasonably interrupted the free expatiation of mine.

I never thought whilst rolling through the city of raising my head to look at the window of an acquaintance, or bestowing a farewell survey on the Roman antiquities of the place, though it was certain that I was passing them for the last time. As soon, however, as we had reached the open country, I took my glass from my pocket, and always raised it mechanically to my eyes whenever the direction of the carriage afforded me a view of the steeple of Caverac. What pleasingly painful emotions did this prospect still produce! Sometimes they were so powerful, that I was on the point of ordering the postillion to turn back; nay, so strong was the conflict within me, that I doubted whether Time would ever be able to appease the tumult.

I must, however, confess that I wronged Time, and might have spared myself this concern: for an hour afterwards the matter no longer seemed to be so impossible. My heart began to be tired of throbbing for a girl who was so far behind me, and my sympathetic rose lost more and more of its attractive power. I now felt only that it was withering, that it rubbed me and became troublesome. I pushed it aside once or twice, and at length, to relieve myself from the torment, I put it without ceremony into my waistcoat pocket. To my astonishment, all my other tribulations now vanished so swiftly that I could have been angry with myself for it. I heaped reproach upon reproach, called myself the most fickle creature under the sun—but all to no purpose. The farther I proceeded from the favourite village, and the nearer I approached to the Papal territory, the more impetuous became the current of my blood, and I at length entered the Comtat with presentiments which made me not a little anxious for what was to follow.

When I had passed the French frontiers I put up my glass, for which I had no farther occasion, folded my arms, and for some time surveyed with complacency the handsome youth who sat opposite to me. Soon, however, tired of his respectful silence, and at the same time looking with surprise at my watch, I desired him to talk to me about his sister. He seemed only to have waited for my commands. I learned from him, that when he left the house, great preparations were making for the wedding: I heard this without visible emotion, and while many a trait in his picture in the style of Ostade extorted a good-humoured smile, I was still more frequently moved by the most delicate touches which even a Poussin would not have despised for his Arcadian scenes, or a Berghem for his representations of still life.

After I had sufficiently admired the art of his delineations, and many a glance that I meanwhile stole at my heart had led me to hope that I should converse still more agreeably with myself, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and reclined in the corner of the carriage. Bastian had a *tact* sufficiently delicate to understand me. He looked at the cuff of his coat, blew a feather from it, and was silent. The happiness of so many good creatures, which from all that had preceded I could clearly figure to myself, naturally afforded a fruit-

ful text for my meditations. It formed, with all its possible consequences, such an extraordinary association with the unlucky cold given me by the *Bise* at Nismes, that I could not enough wonder at Chance which combined such heterogeneous things, in order, as it seemed to me, to promote, by the most systematic process in the world, my own happiness.

Yes, indeed, Edward, my own happiness—for I went away richer than you might probably suppose. The recovered faculty of being able to sigh for a female, and to envy him who was so fortunate as to obtain her—would you account that for nothing?—such an idea would not have been deemed possible by me four weeks ago at Berlin. The whole court, from the highest to the lowest, might have married two or three times over—I should never have bestowed a single thought on the happiness of their honey-moon, or wished for a moment to be in their places. For such human wishes there is required a certain buoyancy of soul, to which I had long been a stranger, and without which a monarch, how great and admired soever he may be, cannot be in himself so happy as the day-labourer, on whom nature has bestowed it in full measure, perhaps as a compensation for all the other gratifications that are denied him. How kind then did Chance appear to me, which, though it brought me to Caverac with an obstruction in my head, now sent me forth again into the world with a relish for those pleasures which female society affords! For to what other power than mighty Chance was I indebted for this rapid transition from low-spirited indifference, to that glow of satisfaction which self-confidence diffuses over the most languid mind?

"Thou shalt then," I devoutly exclaimed, "O thou friend to all the wise that glide through life without pretensions, calculations, or demands—thou shalt henceforward be my guide!" I peremptorily rejected all the hypercritical objections that would render the reality of this power suspicious, and as I pursued my meditations, I found its influence irrefutably proved in every page of the history of mankind. In a few solemn moments I surveyed the revolutions of earthly things, their objects and their results. The poetic fury seized me. I cast significant looks first on the papal territory, which lay like a ball of Chance before me—then on Bastian, who averted his eyes from the fire of mine, and trembled. Ideas crowded upon my brain faster than it could receive them. I strung together those that ventured nearest, and left the rest to greater poets, who may work them up into whatever shape they please.

I had gone this stage so imperceptibly, that the embattled walls of Avignon surprised me in the midst of my high-sounding ode, like an epigram that interrupts the solemn progress of an heroic poem, and extorts our laughter. I had scarcely time to complete my fairy-temple when I found myself in the market-place. Still the noise that assailed me on every side was so far from disturbing me in my devotions, that on the other hand, with that perfect unconcern which my hymn had strengthened within me,

and I dispatched my Bastian, before I entered the dirty inn at which I alighted, to seek me a lodging in any part of the city to which Chance might direct him.

I could not possibly have given a stronger evidence of my unbounded confidence in Chance, than by committing the choice of my quarters to a youth who had been but a few hours in my service, was unacquainted with my taste, and had to exhibit the first proof of his own in a place where he was an utter stranger, a place where a preference of any of the four classes of its inhabitants is attended with its peculiar danger, and where it is not a matter of indifference whether you become the inmate of an orange-dealer, a Jew, an ecclesiastic, or a silk-spinner.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Dear Mr. ADVISER,

IF ever mortal stood in need of advice, I do at this present moment, for I am bent upon *committing* matrimony; and I am so captivated by the charms of the two most delightful girls in the world, that I know not which to choose. If any body would but be kind enough to run away with one, I should not hesitate a moment in proposing for the other; but, unfortunately for me, my goddesses have every charm but money, the want of which has hitherto, I fancy, prevented either of them from receiving any serious proposal.

I will describe each of them to you, Mr. Sagephiz, and I beg that you will as speedily as possible favour me with your opinion, which of them you would choose if you were in my place.

Miss Martha Maydew is about nineteen; she is not handsome, but her countenance is remarkably open and intelligent; her skin is delicately fair, her complexion beautiful, and a physiognomist would pronounce, from her smile, that she was both good-natured and good-humoured. Her figure is well formed, though rather too robust to suit my taste, but she is generally allowed to be a very fine girl.

Miss Maydew has always, till within these few months, lived in the country; the useful rather than the shining has been consulted in her education, but she is by no means destitute of accomplishments. You may perceive, in a few minutes' conversation, that she is sensible and well educated; but she wants, nevertheless, the polish of high life. However, if she is not always admired by strangers, she is beloved to excess not only by her own family but by all who know her intimately.

Methinks, my dear sir, I hear you at this moment exclaim, while you lay down my letter to adjust your spectacles: "What qualities can any rational man desire in a wife more than this girl possesses?" I said the same thing myself, Mr. Sagephiz, till I unfortunately met Miss Dazzleall at a public breakfast, where her beauty, elegance, and the grace with which she waltzed, drew the admiration of all present: and although I had that very morning determined to propose for Miss Maydew, the fasci-

nations of Miss Dazzleall have kept me ever since, and it is now six months ago, undecided.

Nothing can be more captivating than my last flame, who is about twenty; her figure is exquisitely proportioned; her features are perfectly regular and full of expression; her complexion indeed is dark, but the rich glow which mantles on her cheek, and the beautiful softness of her skin, amply compensate for the absence of the lily. She is very accomplished, and I am certain will do the honours of my house in the most elegant manner. Her disposition appears amiable, and what I will own weighs not a little with me, I have reason to believe that she is seriously prepossessed in my favour.

And now, Mr. Adviser, which way shall I turn me? how shall I decide?

Should my rural beauty accept me, I have a fair prospect of rational happiness: but, on the other hand, I see no reason to despair of it with my modish *belle;* she is of a soft and yielding temper; she loves me, and if—hang *ifs!*—I can but model her to my wishes, I shall possess a treasure indeed.

However, I shall not decide till I hear from you; so pray take my case into immediate consideration, and believe me, your advice shall be attended to by your very humble servant,

Charles Changemind.

P. S. I have just heard that Sir George Glitter has professed the most passionate admiration of Miss Dazzleall—I believe I had better secure her.

On second thoughts, I may as well wait. The baronet is well known not to be a marrying man.

I have opened my letter to relate to you a trait of real generosity in Miss Maydew, which has inclined the scale very much in her favour. We were last night at a party together, where a lady spoke slightingly of Miss Dazzleall. Miss Maydew immediately vindicated her with great spirit. I was the more struck with her doing so, because I am sure she is conscious that Miss Dazzleall is her rival; and it is, besides, a real effort for her to speak in company, as she is excessively timid.—Don't you think I ought to lose no time in proposing for her?

Just as I was going to seal my letter, Miss Dazzleall passed my window on horseback. I never knew that she rode before. Her hat and habit were so *jauntee*, and she sat her horse so well, that altogether I never saw her appear to so much advantage. She turned round to me with such a bewitching smile of recognition, that I had half a mind to dispatch a letter to her father on the subject of my passion that moment. Prithee, dear Adviser, decide for me, for I begin to think I shall never be able to do so myself.

C. C.

This is a case in which I must decline interfering: if my correspondent has common sense, five minutes sober reflection will teach him which of these ladies he ought to prefer; and if he has not common sense, my advice would be thrown away upon him.

Upon the whole, it would perhaps be fortunate for him to continue some time longer in a state

of indecision; for at present he seems wofully deficient in a quality absolutely essential to a husband who would wish to preserve due authority in his family—I mean resolution.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: *Sketched from Nature.*

It has very frequently been remarked, that a taste or bias for some particular line of profession is generally to be traced from our infancy, not so much because it is the line of life chalked out for us by our parents, but from some premature ideas which strike upon our infant likings. The lives of painters, lawyers, musicians, and players, corroborate in general these premises. The urchin who beats his little drum is determined to be a soldier; while he who launches his little boat in a water-tub disdains the idea of being made a trader, and terrifies mamma by lisping, "I'll be a sailor!" The sash, the dirk, or the gold-laced hat, has charms for him beyond any other, and hence his future line of life seems to be decided. I am, however, an exception to all this. My infant predilections were various, and far from promising to place me in that situation in which you now see me. Unlike other children, a puppet-show at a fair was the least of my enjoyments, and very frequently have I for a few marbles or cherries given up my right to my brothers, and suffered them to visit the theatre instead of myself, who have been much happier in partaking of amusements more congenial with childhood. Whether or not my mother, who was extremely fond of theatrical entertainments, was vexed at my taste not coinciding with her own, or whether she conceived this apathy to her favourite enjoyment to be a mark of insensibility, I know not; but she seldom failed to be angry with me for my *disrespect* of the theatre, and at length insisted upon my attending her thither, affirming, by way of encouragement, that she was sure if I once saw one I should be enraptured.

In vain she strove by her own recitals to make me acquainted with the beauties of Lillo, or the fustian of Rowe, I was for a great length of time quite incorrigible. My dislike of theatrical amusements was not cured by a first attendance at one; and if ever I forget what I suffered, "doubt truth to be a liar." I was very young when my mother took me to see *George Barnwell.* This she informed me was a pretty moral play; but at the age of seven of what advantage could such a story be to me? I had no idea of shooting my uncle, had I been honoured with one; and as to Mrs. Millwood, "what have I to do with thee?" However, the number of lights, the music, and, above all, the joy painted in the faces of the spectators—although, by the bye, I understood they came to see a man expire a victim to the laws of his country—at first delighted me; and my mother informed me, after much shoving, that we were very lucky in getting the front row of the two-shilling gallery.

I had not long had reason to con-

gratulate myself on the comforts of my situation, when two men, who sat behind us, and who had for some time been quarreling, stripped to fight. One of them was driven against me, and crushed my arm against an iron rod extending along my seat, and caused me to scream out with no little violence, for the pain I felt was excruciating. The house, in some measure, took my part, by crying aloud, "Turn 'em out! turn 'em out!" Oh! how I wished they had meant my dear mamma and myself! However, we began to be a little quiet, and my parent filled up the pause by pouring what she called a little advice into my ears. She told me that my accident served me right; that I was a little fool, and had no business to put my arm in their way. I again began to whimper, and she, fearful of losing the show, administered some rum and water out of a *pocket-pistol* which she had brought for the purpose of refreshment. This made me very courageous; she added some sweet-cakes, and I really began to think that this was enjoyment. I now became quiet, and remained on the tip-toe of expectation to realize all the pleasures I had been promised. Thus I sat with my mouth extended, and lost in vacuity, all the first act; I began to be uneasy at the second, and fell fast asleep and happy at the third.

But, alas! this happiness was of but short duration. A violent shake of the shoulder given me by my mother roused me, and to quiet alarm, the bottle was once more applied to my lips. I rubbed my little eyes to inflammation, and promised not to go to sleep again: but the power of Morpheus became too strong for me; that sleep which Shakspeare's Henry so much longed for, visited me. Again I nodded; and as there was nothing passing between Maria and Thoroughgood to interest a child, my head fell gently against a pillar. I dozed; I slept again. My mother, who had been too intent all the fourth act to think of her child, at first left me to my meditations, except, as I found afterwards, by ever and anon appealing to me for a corroboration of her feelings, without regarding my somnolency; but at the end of the act, finding I was become a nonentity, her indignation knew no bounds. She again shook, nay even beat me, declaring I had no soul, and that she would never throw away two shillings on me again; and threatened as a punishment, though I regarded it as quite the contrary, that this should be the last time I should ever come with her. As she thumped I roared, till at length the remonstrance of an old lady behind, who, I suppose, would rather have heard Barnwell's death-knell than mine, and commiserated my situation by calling me "Poor fellow!" shifted my mamma's indignation from me to her. After a few expostulations an armistice was concluded on all sides, and with a few more cakes, and the promise of seeing a very beautiful *farce* afterwards, called *Midas*, I was allowed to nod out the tragedy unmolested.

At the end of *George Barnwell*, disturbed by the moving of the people, I found mamma tolerably merciful. She contented herself with calling me once more a little fool; but as I seemed refreshed with my

sleep, I determined to enjoy *Midas*, from which, according to the description, I expected much pleasure. It is true, the descent of the gods and goddesses charmed me; but I had become heated with the liquor I had drunk; I felt feverish and uncomfortable, for the house was a *bumper*. I could no longer refrain from shewing my dislike of the confinement I was undergoing; and when Pan entered to sing his drunken song, thoroughly convinced he was the devil, I screamed so loud and incessantly, that the people obliged my mother to carry me out. This she did with slow consent, but the mob was too strong for her, and we made our exit, not without my little anatomy suffering from an unmerciful wrench of the arm given me by my dear mamma. This, with various thumps on my back, accompanied by sundry admonitions, sent me screaming home, and I retired with a woful head-ach supperless to bed.

Notwithstanding all I had suffered, I was several times after dragged to the same scene of action, until I had arrived at the age of twelve years, at which time she gave me up, fully convinced that I should become just such a clodhopper as my father, who was as honest a painstaking shoemaker as any belonging to his craft. What most aggravated my mother at my disdain of theatricals was, that she was disappointed in one to whom she wished to impart her histrionic criticisms; and although she perhaps erred while she decided on the perfection or imperfection of the performers, none could doubt the truth of the anecdotes which she doled out to her hearers. Fawcett and Jack Bannister, as she familiarly called them, were her great favourites; and although she acknowledged they had better players when she was a girl, yet she confessed that Simmons and Dowton were almost as clever as Woodward and Shuter; but that Mrs. Siddons was far inferior to Mrs. Barry; that Nan Catley was unequalled by Mrs. Billington. Oh! with what raptures did she speak of Garrick's Lear, and of Reddish who *did* mad Tom! With Peggy Martyn she was quite intimate when a child, and my grandmamma was laundress to Mrs. Mattocks. I led a sad life, from the comparisons made between me and my brother, who had betrayed a strong *penchant* for the drama; but his differing totally in his opinion from my mother did not mend the irksomeness of my situation. Before he had arrived at twelve years of age, he had treated himself with sixpenny-worth at the shilling-gallery; and long before he had arrived at the age of thirteen, could call out *hancore!* nosy! and Rule *Brittanny!* throw his orange-peel or nut-shells into the pit with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, or whistle a tune, and crack a joke on *old Munden* with no small satisfaction. One consolation was left me, that as I decreased in my mother's good graces, I gained ground in my father's. He was like me, incapable of a relish for dramatic exhibitions; with him I frequented skittle-grounds, and such places of public resort, and by a little tuition given me by his friends, I became a profound politician. I censured ministers and planned expeditions, and at length became as great a

character in my sphere of action as my brother was in his. Since I had become a politician, I was of course an opponent of the minister; and my father really believing I should shortly become a reformer of abuses and a man of the people, supplied me with as much money as I chose to ask for, to enable me to become a *leading* man at the club. It followed, of course, that I became an orator; and one evening a friend of my father's proposed, for his own amusement, and my improvement in gesture and action, that I should accompany him to the theatre to see Kemble's Cato. I was preparing to give my decided negative to this resolution; I feared once more to pass through the purgatory of a playhouse, when my friend painted the acting of this great man in such high colours, and spoke so strongly of his declamatory powers, that I consented. Determined to act like *ourselves*, we visited the pit, and how did I admire the superb structure! I looked up with contempt to the shilling-gallery; and when I heard, "Bottle of porter!" "Bill of the play!" roared in a stentorian voice, I hoped shortly to see my *vulgar* brother mounted with the gods, partaking of the low beverage of Meux's real entire. My companion fed my vanity by declaring this play was too refined a thing for Bob; and when the curtain drew up, I averted my eyes from the hated spot. But when Kemble entered, when he concluded his address to the senators—

"So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage"—

what a torrent of pleasure inundated my soul! I continued transported all the time he was upon the stage; and the last scene in which he acted, caused sensations of delight incapable of description.

"It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well,"

broke a hundred times from my lips. I could not endure to see the most diverting farce ever acted; but purchasing *Cato* of an orange-wench, returned home with my friend to sup at my father's. My mother was absent at "the other house."

Politics had *run high* at my father's club, and he said he had wanted the aid of my eloquence. He regretted that the faculty of speaking in public was denied him, and continued to smoke and talk without my deigning to give him an answer, until I suddenly exclaimed, "Were our patriots inspired with the pure and disinterested virtues of a Cato, then indeed we might do something!" I wrapped my drapery around me, and seizing a knife, exclaimed, *à la Kemble*,

——— "If there be a power above,
And that there is all Nature cries aloud——"

My father interrupted me; he threw down his pipe, he stared aghast; but on being informed where I had been, he resumed his usual situation, and suffered me to repeat my fustian unheeded. My father, however, lost me for a man of the people. I refused to visit the club. I attended every night that *Cato* or *Coriolanus* was performed; and so much did I forget my patriotism, and so much did my predilection for the stage offend my father, that he vowed he would never speak to me more. Fathers

have flinty hearts. I got tired of mine, and determined to leave his house. I believe he still loved me; but when he reasoned with me on the folly of a plan I had conceived of turning player, when he said it must eventually bring me to beggary, he offended my pride. I stopped his tongue by uttering with an air,

> "Presumptuous man, the gods take care of Cato!"

and proceeded to tie up my little all in a handkerchief, to seek a country engagement.

My mother, fully persuaded that I should soon become another Garrick, smothered what little regrets she felt at parting with me; and as some little account for work done was to be settled between my father and myself, I had to return ninepence; when giving my mother a shilling, I said to her, "Give my father this, and tell him I want no change, and least of all such change as he would give me." I then dashed open the door, and with a theatrical stride made my exit from my paternal roof.

ABDALLAH, OR THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

AN EASTERN TALE.

In a remote part of the kingdom of Cachemire resided the sage Ibrahim, the fame of whose learning and piety reached even to the remotest confines of the East. The sultan himself, mighty as he was, had deigned to listen with reverence and delight to the lessons of instruction which dropped in honeyed accents from the lips of Ibrahim.

Many years had now elapsed since the holy man had quitted the court, to devote the remainder of his days to prayer and meditation: but in retiring from mankind, Ibrahim still sought to benefit them; he adopted Abdallah, a youthful orphan, who proved worthy of such an instructor. He listened with reverence and attention to the wise precepts of the sage Ibrahim, who earnestly sought to imbue his mind with a love of truth. "Let the laws of our holy prophet, O my son," said the venerable sage, "be engraven on your heart, and let the reverence for truth which he inculcates be the guide of your life; so shall the blessings of Allah attend your steps in that world you must now enter upon. Start not, Abdallah, at hearing that you must leave this peaceful solitude: youth, my son, must not be spent in inaction, it is the season when we should earn that repose which Allah grants to virtuous old age. The mighty sultan of Cachemire is not I know forgetful of the humble Ibrahim. We will soon repair to his court, nor will the bounties of my royal master, which are copious as the dews of heaven, be withheld from the adopted son of his faithful slave."

Thus spoke Ibrahim; but vain are the thoughts and purposes of man. The mandate was already gone forth, which summoned Ibrahim to the presence of the Most High; and when Abdallah approached the couch of his revered instructor on the following day, he found that he had ceased to breathe.

It was the first time that Abdallah had tasted of the waters of af-

fliction, and bitter indeed was the draught; but he bowed with submission to the will of Allah, and committed to the grave the body of Ibrahim, for whom he mourned as for a father.

In obedience to the will of his deceased benefactor, Abdallah resolved to travel to the capital of Cachemire as soon as the time of mourning was expired. During his first day's journey he was joined by a young man, who was also travelling to that city. The stranger, whose name was Massouf, proposed that they should continue their journey together, and having gained the consent of Abdallah, he acquainted him that it was dangerous to proceed by land, as the way lay through deserts which were infested by bands of robbers; and they embarked together for the capital.

During their voyage, Massouf related to Abdallah, that he was the son of a jeweller of Delhi, from whom he was carrying some diamonds to the court of the sultan of Cachemire.

A violent storm soon arose, which drove them from their course, and menaced them with destruction. Abdallah called devoutly upon the name of Allah, and prepared to meet with firmness the fate which he thought allotted to him; but Massouf, neglecting to implore succour from on high, bewailed with bitterness the death which he believed approaching.

The ship at length split upon a rock, and Abdallah and Massouf alone survived the wreck; they were thrown by the violence of the waves upon the shore. The pious Abdallah, prostrating himself upon the earth, gave glory to Allah for his preservation. Not so Massouf; he had lost the diamonds entrusted by his father to his care, and forgetful of the gratitude he owed to Heaven, he impiously arraigned the justice of the Most High.

While Massouf was lamenting his misfortunes, the people came in great numbers to the sea-side, and prostrating themselves before Abdallah, hailed him as their sovereign. Abdallah demanded with surprise why they did so; and the grand vizier informed him, that, according to an ancient law, they were obliged, when one of their kings died without male issue, to choose for a sovereign the first stranger who entered the kingdom, provided he was of noble birth; and from the dignity of Abdallah's air, they doubted not that he was the prince whom Heaven had sent them.

As the grand vizier concluded his speech, he stooped to kiss the feet of Abdallah, who hastily preventing him, declared aloud the obscurity of his birth. "Vizier," said Massouf coming forward, "behold in me your destined lord! My father was many years grand vizier to the sultan of the Indies, but deprived through the artifices of his enemies of the sultan's favour, he lost his life, and but for the fidelity of a slave who assisted my flight, I also must have perished. Doubtless it is in recompence of these severe misfortunes that Heaven hath bestowed upon me the throne of Thibet."

Massouf ceased, and the vizier and people with one accord hailed him as their sovereign. Abdallah, who had listened with astonishment to the false relation of Massouf, exclaimed that he was an impostor,

and related the account he had given him of his birth. The steadiness with which Massouf denied this charge, created in the mind of the vizier many doubts of Abdallah's truth; and he ordered them both to be secured till an oracle could be consulted, to which the people of Thibet had recourse only on occasions which concerned the safety of the kingdom.

The reply of the oracle was, that Heaven had sent the Thibetians the prince destined to reign over them. The vizier no longer doubted the truth of Massouf's relation, and he was accordingly placed upon the throne.

The first act of the new king was to order that the head of Abdallah might be struck off; but at the intercession of the vizier, he changed this sentence into one which gave Abdallah a hope of preserving his life. He was placed in an open boat, with a small provision of bread and water, and abandoned to the mercy of the elements. They were favourable, and he reached without difficulty a small island near the kingdom of Thibet. Here thanking Heaven for his second miraculous preservation, he seated himself upon the grass, and prepared to eat his provision. Just as he had begun to do so, a small white dog of uncommon beauty approached and laid itself at his feet. Abdallah, who saw the animal was famishing, divided with it his small provision. But what was his surprise when the dog disappeared, and he beheld in its place a female of the most dazzling beauty!—"Thou art worthy, O Abdallah," cried she, "to have been the pupil of the sage Ibrahim! Thou beholdest his protectress, the genius Benigna. I know the sacrifice thou hast made to truth, I have proved thy humanity, and henceforth thy destiny shall be my care. Here," continued the genius presenting him with a small ruby heart, "wear this talisman henceforward in your bosom; consult it carefully, and you will find it an unerring guide; look on it whenever you are doubtful that the action you are going to perform is right: if the ruby still retains its colour, proceed without fear; but if you perceive it pale, desist immediately." The grateful Abdallah prostrated himself before the benevolent genius, who disappeared; and he pursued his way farther up the country, but, to his great surprise, for some time he saw no signs of inhabitants. The variety of fruits with which the island abounded, offered him a present support, and towards the close of the second day he espied a hut, at the door of which was seated a young female, whose charms were scarcely inferior to those of the genius Benigna.

Ilzaide, so the maiden was called, listened with compassion to the request of Abdallah for refreshment and shelter, and inviting him into her hut, set provisions before him.

Surprised as well at the beauty and the noble air of Ilzaide, Abdallah could not refrain from inquiring, to what circumstance it was owing that she was the inhabitant of a solitary hut. "Alas!" replied the fair Ilzaide "I wish only that I had been born to such a lot, but you see before you the princess of Thibet, the most unfortunate of

women." She then related to him, that it was the custom of Thibet for the eldest daughter of the deceased king to become the wife of his successor, but being unable to bear the idea of bestowing herself on Massouf, she had, with the assistance of her nurse, escaped from the palace, and fled to that solitary spot.

When the princess had finished her relation, Abdallah revealed to her that he was the person who had rejected the throne, and telling her that he was determined to proceed to the court of Cachemire, besought her to allow him to conduct her thither.

When Abdallah had ceased speaking, Ilzaide remained for some time buried in thought: at last, "What madness, Abdallah," cried she, "could induce you to decline the crown of Thibet? and what is the phantom to which you have sacrificed happiness and empire? Who could have been injured by your ascending the throne? Ah! if you had, never would Ilzaide have fled to this solitude." The princess stopped and blushed; and Abdallah, as he gazed on her, felt a sensation which he had never before experienced.

It was the first time that Abdallah had beheld so much beauty, and the tender sentiments she expressed for him penetrated his heart. He was silent, and Ilzaide continued: "It is not yet too late; consent to return with me to Thibet. You shall inform the people, that you are son to the monarch of Delhi, and that some time since you quitted your father's court: captivated by a picture which chance threw into your way, you determined to travel till you had found the original: that supposing, if you acknowledged the truth, you would be compelled to accept the crown of Thibet, and thus be prevented from pursuing your search, you had recourse to artifice to secure a continuance of your liberty; but meeting with me, and finding that the original of the portrait was the princess of Thibet, you returned to claim the throne and my hand."

Ilzaide ceased, but Abdallah still remained silent: again did she in the most persuasive accents entreat him to comply with her wishes. Abdallah wavered; the love of truth began to give way to her blandishments, when the remembrance of his talisman occurred to Abdallah; he hastily examined it—its colour and lustre were both gone.

"Cease, O lovely princess," cried he, "to urge me to the violation of truth! Command my life if you will, but demand not of me to forget the precepts of the sage Ibrahim." What was the astonishment of Abdallah to behold the fair form of Ilzaide changed to that of a withered hag! "Wretch!" cried she, "devoid of human passions, whom neither the charms of beauty nor the hopes of empire can move, at least thou hast deviated sufficiently from thy darling virtue to enable me to punish thine obstinacy." She muttered some spells, at the same time breathing on the unfortunate Abdallah, and he was instantly changed into a bird. At the same moment the whole scene vanished from before him, and he found himself in the midst of a desert plain.

Conscious of the fault which he

had committed in suffering himself to be seduced for a moment from his duty, Abdallah acknowledged the justice of his punishment, and implored the forgiveness of Allah. Scarcely had he concluded his prayer, when the genius Benigna stood before him. "Rash Abdallah!" said she, "how speedily hast thou forgotten the precepts of Ibrahim! But I see thy penitence, and I allow for the force of the temptation which, by assuming the form of Ilzaide, the sorceress Malevolia placed before thee. The professed enemy of the human race, she employs all her powers to draw them into the commission of evil; and hadst thou suffered thyself to be wholly overcome by her arts, my power to serve thee would have been at an end. Even now I cannot release thee from the effects of her spell, and I charge thee to remember, that if again thou deviatest from truth, the friendship of Benigna is lost to thee for ever. All that I can now do for thee is, to place thee where thou mayst atone for thy fault." At these words Benigna disappeared, and Abdallah found himself in a magnificent garden. Two females approached him, one of whom he perceived to be the princess Ilzaide; for some time he doubted whether it was not a new illusion of the sorceress, but he was soon convinced that he beheld before him the daughter of the king of Thibet.

"Why do you thus afflict yourself, princess?" said the slave who accompanied her.—"Alas! Parazaile," replied Ilzaide, "have I not cause for affliction, when I reflect on the fate that awaits me?"—"Pardon, O princess, the temerity of thy slave," cried Parazaile, "for presuming to recall to thy mind the submission which Allah expects from his creatures." As she spoke Massouf appeared at the end of the garden, and approaching the princess, "How long, Ilzaide," cried he, "wilt thou persist in thus opposing the law of thy country by rejecting the hand of its sovereign?"

"Pardon me, mighty lord," said the princess: "conscious of my unworthiness, I aspire not to thy hand; make I beseech thee another choice, and Ilzaide will be content with the title of thy slave."

"Thou knowest not," cried Massouf, "the extent of that power thou darest provoke. The enchantress Malevolia, at whose vengeance mankind tremble, is my friend: consent to share my throne, and the protection of Malevolia is thine; refuse, and thou provokest her direst enmity."

"I take the holy prophet," replied the princess calmly, "to witness, that I will not become the wife of a despiser of his law, and I trust in the goodness of Allah to protect me from the sorceress Malevolia."

"Slave of Mahomet!" exclaimed the enraged Massouf, "thy hopes shall be vain. Prepare in three days to ascend with me the throne of Thibet, or the loss of life is the smallest punishment thou hast to dread."

At these words the lovely Ilzaide, bursting into tears, hastily quitted the garden, followed by Massouf. Bitterly did Abdallah now regret the transformation, which deprived him even of the possibility of assisting Ilzaide. As he was fluttering round the windows of her apart-

ments, an eunuch let fly an arrow at him; the arrow missed its aim, but Abdallah fearing that a second might be more successful, flew from the gardens. After traversing the air for some time, he reached a charming valley, the perfect solitude of which seemed to promise him security till the genius Benigna should restore him to his original form.

One day while Abdallah was lost in reflections upon his metamorphosis, he perceived a beautiful white fawn entangled in a net. The humane Abdallah, touched with pity for the fawn, fluttered round the net to see if there was any way of rescuing her; he tried for a long time in vain; and at length he succeeded in breaking some of the meshes, and the fawn by struggling freed herself. Scarcely had she done so when the genius Benigna appeared, and addressing the fawn, "Receive, O princess," cried she, "the reward of that constancy with which you have adhered to the precepts of our holy prophet." As she spoke, she breathed upon the fawn, which instantly assumed the form of the princess Ilzaide.

"And you, Abdallah," continued the genius, "resume your own form: your trials are nearly at an end. Know that the oracle, in telling the Thibetians Heaven had sent them the prince destined to reign over them, pointed to yourself. The sage Ibrahim received you from my hands, but he knew not that you were son to the sultan of Cachemire. Desirous to rescue you from the corruption of a court, I transported you while you were yet an infant from the palace of the sultan to the cell of Ibrahim, who carefully instructed you in the precepts of the Koran. No sooner did you leave the solitude in which you had been educated, than the wicked Malevolia resolved on attempting your destruction; and the temptation to which you yielded for a moment, gave her but too great an advantage over you. But the bounteous Allah pardoned a fault so soon and so sincerely repented of. You are restored to the favour of Heaven; one more trial, and you will ascend the throne of Thibet, and receive the hand of the lovely Ilzaide. The wicked Malevolia holds in captivity a number of the faithful followers of Mahomet, and you are appointed by the prophet to attempt their deliverance. Remember, that every artifice will be employed to intimidate you, and shrink not from the dreadful appearances you will have to encounter, for they are all illusions.

"Here," continued she, presenting him with a small mirror, "is the talisman of truth; by holding it up before the frightful objects with which the sorceress will endeavour to intimidate you, and invoking the name of Allah, you will find every danger but one vanish. Malevolia possesses a spear, on which are engraven the mystic characters of Solomon, and which nearly equals in power his seal. Take this sword, you will need it to encounter the enchantress: remember, it is for her only. The talisman of truth will be a sufficient shield against the phantoms she may raise to oppose you; but beware, should you be intimidated even for a single moment, your destruction is inevitable.

"Receive," continued she, "the

hand of your betrothed Ilzaide, whom Malevolia deprived of her own form in revenge for her determined rejection of the wicked Massouf."

Abdallah and Ilzaide prostrated themselves before the benevolent genius, who summoned an inferior genius to transport Abdallah to the palace of the sorceress. The genius taking Abdallah in his arms, sprang into the air, which he traversed with incredible rapidity: in a few moments he set Abdallah down on an immense plain, and disappeared.

Abdallah perceived at a little distance a palace of black marble, and commending himself to the protection of the prophet, he approached it. Over the gate he perceived a brazen trumpet, which he sounded. The gate instantly flew open, and a giant, armed with a massy club, appeared. "Vile slave of Mahomet!" cried he, "darest thou brave the vengeance of the potent Malevolia? Take, wretch, the reward of thy presumption!" He raised his club, but Abdallah nimbly evaded the blow, and holding up the talisman of truth, the giant instantly vanished.

Abdallah, without farther opposition, entered a hall, at the farther end of which he perceived a young man of extraordinary beauty, armed with a scymitar, the hilt of which was one single emerald of the most dazzling brightness.

"Rash Abdallah," cried the young man, "why dost thou thus rush upon certain destruction? At this moment Ilzaide is the captive of Malevolia, and if thou proceedest but a step farther, thou wilt behold thy princess expire." Regardless of this threat, Abdallah advanced towards the young man, who waved his scymitar, and Ilzaide, loaded with chains, and surrounded by black genii of immense size, armed with clubs, appeared. "There is no God but God," cried Abdallah, averting his eyes from this terrible sight, "and Mahomet is his prophet!" As he spoke he presented the talisman; the whole group disappeared, and Abdallah beheld Malevolia. She was armed with the spear of Solomon, which she pointed at the breast of Abdallah, who, placing the talisman of truth in his bosom, drew the sword which he had received from the genius Benigna, and stood prepared to meet the enchantress. He advanced towards her, and in a moment he perceived himself enveloped in flames, which issued from her mouth. The undismayed Abdallah pressed through them, and a fierce combat commenced between him and Malevolia: its issue was long doubtful; at length the sorceress, rendered furious by the courage of the young prince, made a desperate effort to plunge her spear into his heart. Abdallah evaded the blow, and calling upon the name of the prophet, he summoned his whole strength, and with one stroke severed the head of the sorceress from her body.

Scarcely had he done so, when, with a loud and dreadful noise, the palace and the body of Malevolia vanished, and Abdallah found himself in a lovely plain, surrounded by the servants of the prophet, who had languished in the dungeons of the enchantress. They prostrated themselves before the young prince, who, falling on his knees, desired

them to join him in glorifying Allah, and Mahomet his prophet, for their deliverance.

As their prayer ended, the genius Benigna appeared. "Servant of Mahomet," cried she, addressing Abdallah, "thou art now deemed worthy to receive the reward of thy trials. The crown of Thibet and the lovely Ilzaide await thee. And ye, O Mussulmans! who have patiently submitted to the will of Allah, receive the recompence ye merit—return to your families and homes."

The genius waved her wand, and the multitude disappeared. At the same moment Abdallah found himself in the imperial hall of Thibet, and at his side was Ilzaide and the benevolent genius. "Thibetians," said she, "receive from my hand the prince whom Heaven has appointed to reign over you."--"Hail, Abdallah, the mighty and beloved monarch of Thibet!" cried the courtiers, prostrating themselves before the new king. The genius joined the hands of Abdallah and Ilzaide. "Remember, my children," cried she, "to whose protection you owe your present felicity, and cease not to practise on the throne of Thibet those virtues by which you gained it. I have apprised the sultan your father of your existence, Abdallah, and he is now on his way to embrace you. The wretched Massouf has met with the punishment due to his crimes; the angel of death has summoned him hence. Farewell! fear not to enjoy the happiness which Heaven hath sent, and reign in peace."

The genius disappeared; and during a long and happy life, Abdallah and Ilzaide failed not to render their actions acceptable to Heaven, by the continual practice of those virtues which had first gained them its protection.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Concluded from p. 220.)

SHORT STAGES, COACHES, RAFFLES, AND BOATS.

April 1711. Swift complains of the day being so warm, that he got into the sixpenny stage to Chelsea, no boats being allowed to ply on a Sunday. He also speaks of raffling for books, which was a common custom at this time: thus, in an advertisement to one of the *Tatlers*, we have, "An Address to the learned, or a Lottery of unbound Books, where each adventurer for a guinea is sure of a prize of 9s. value: 'tis but four to one he gets one of 3, 6, 8, 12, or 50*l*. Undertakers, Thomas Leigh and Daniel Winter, booksellers."

THE DONATION OF A HAT FOR A SERMON.

1778. The following is extracted from a letter by Shenstone the poet to Mrs. A——.—See *Select Letters.* "Please to observe, that I am but just arrived at home, though I left Cheltenham the day after you. I staid indeed to hear Mr. B. preach a morning sermon, for which I find Mrs. C. has allotted him the hat preferably to Mr. C. Perhaps you may not remember, nor did I hear it till very lately, that there is a hat

given at Cheltenham for the use of the best foreign preacher, of which the disposal is assigned to Mrs. C. to her and her heirs for ever. I remember, though I knew nothing of this whilst I was upon the place, I used to be a little misdeemful, that all who preached there had some such premium in their eye. This hat, 'tis true, is not quite so valuable as a cardinal's hat, but while it is made a retribution for excellence in so, if properly considered, sublime a function, it is an object for a preacher in any degree. I am sorry at the same time to say, that, as *a common hat*, merely for its uses it would be an object to too many country curates, whose situations and slender means too often excite our blushes as well as compassion. There should be no such thing as a journeyman parson; it is beneath the dignity of the profession."

IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON.

1778. " This chapter is reduced to few heads, from the several conversations we had in town, upon taking down the signs, rooting up the posts, the paving and lighting Oxford-road, Monmouth-street, and St. Giles's, the construction of Blackfriars bridge, &c. that I cannot recollect any other remarks I made worth mentioning at present, except the introducing of asses in the city for the use of milkmen, fruiterers, hawkers, &c. This I thought a great improvement, as it serves to lessen the number of barrows that used to interrupt walkers on the broad pavements; but this consideration was damped at seeing the barbarous treatment these poor animals suffer from their brutal guides or drivers."—See *Letters* respecting Shenstone during his life, edited by Mr. Hull. What would the poet have said, had he lived to see large and even small dogs drawing carts, and lolling out their tongues with heat and fatigue?—a practice which I trust will never become general.

WHIGS AND TORIES.

Whig-a-more was a nickname given to the western peasantry of Scotland, from their using the word frequently in driving strings of horses. Hence, as connected with Calvinistical principles in religion, and republican doctrines in policy, it was given as a term of reproach to the opposition party in the latter years of Charles II. These retorted upon the courtiers the word *Tory*, signifying an Irish freebooter, and particularly applicable to the Roman Catholic followers of the Duke of York. At length both parties acknowledged and prided themselves on the distinctions originally meant to convey reproach and disgrace.

THE TEMPLE REVELS.

(See *Repository*, vol. III. New Series, p. 273.)

The last revel in the Inner Temple was held in honour of Mr. Talbot, when he took leave of that house, of which he was a bencher, on having the great seal delivered to him. On the 2d of February, 1733, the lord chancellor came into the Inner Temple Hall about two o'clock, preceded by the master of the revels (Mr. Wollaston), and followed by the master of the Temple, Dr. Sherlock, then Bishop of Bangor, and by the judges and serjeants who had been members of that house. There was a very elegant dinner provided for them and

the lord chancellor's officers; but the barristers and students of the house had no other dinner got for them than what is usual on all *grand days*, but each mess had a flask of claret, with the common allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited at the bench-table, among whom was Mr. Talbot, the lord chancellor's eldest son, and by their means any sort of provisions was easily obtained from the upper table by those of the rest. A large gallery was built over the screen, and was filled with ladies, who came for the most part a considerable time before the dinner began; and the music was placed in the little gallery at the upper end of the hall, and played all dinner-time. As soon as dinner was ended, the play began, which was *Love for Love*, with the farce of *The Devil to Pay*. The actors who performed all came from the Haymarket in chairs, commonly called *sedans*, ready dressed; and, as it was said, refused any gratuity for their trouble, looking upon the honour of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient. After the play, the lord chancellor, master of the Temple, judges, and benchers, retired into their parliament-chamber, and in about half an hour afterwards came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place. Then the master of the revels, who went first, took the lord chancellor by the right hand, and he with his left took Mr. G. Page, who, joined to the other judges, sergeants, and benchers, *danced, or rather walked, round about the coal-fire**, *according to the old ceremony, three times*, during which they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the prothonotary, then upwards of sixty years of age; and all the time of the dance a song, accompanied with music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar-gown, whose father had been formerly master of the Plea-Office in the King's Bench. When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the parliament-chamber, and staid about a quarter of an hour, while the hall was putting in order; then they went into the hall, and danced a few minuets. Country dances began about ten, and at twelve o'clock a very fine collation was provided for the whole company, from which they returned to dancing, which they continued as long as they pleased; and the whole day's entertainment was generally allowed to be very genteel, and liberally conducted. The Prince of Wales honoured the performance with his company part of the time; he came into the music-gallery incognito about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal-fire was over.

* These revels have been ridiculed by Dr. Donne in his *Satires*, by Prior in his *Alma*, and by Pope in his *Dunciad*.
The judge to dance his brother sergeant calls.

ROUND-HEADS.

The fanatics in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text—"Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired "Who that Round-head was?" and from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called Round-heads. "The Round-heads," said Swift, "were caused by an operation of

art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap."

THE BUSTOES AT RICHMOND.

(See *Repository*, vol. IV. p. 24.)

The inscriptions on the plinths of these *bustoes* provoked the following epigrams:

On Stephen Duck, *the Thresher and favourite Poet, by* Swift.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM, 1730.

The thresher Dick could o'er the queen prevail;
The proverb says, " No fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains,
For which her majesty allows him grains;
Though, 'tis confess'd, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
Thrice happy Dick, employed in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double!

1732.

With honours thus, by Carolina plac'd,
How are these venerable bustoes grac'd!
O queen! with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd,
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Naught to their fame can now be added more,
Revered by her whom all mankind adore.

Another.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And raised the scientific head;
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

Queen Caroline's regard for learned men was chiefly directed to those who had signalized themselves by philosophical research.—See Walpole's fable of *The Funeral of the Lioness*.

CHESELDEN AND THE CONVICT.

On the 13th August, 1763, we read, " Died, in Newgate, George Chippendale: he was respited in order to have his leg cut off, to try the effect of a new-invented styptic; but as it was not tried, he was pardoned on consideration of being transported for life." Lady Suffolk was early afflicted with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure her deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned he would try it, and if he succeeded would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the pardon of the man, who was cousin to Cheselden, and who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation. No more was heard of the experiment: the man saved his ear too, but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

GAMBADOES.

Leather gaiters are first mentioned in Swift's works: " Gambadoes I have rid in."—Gay to the Duchess of Queensberry, 1732.

PANTOMIMES

were first exhibited in England when Swift wrote his project for the advancement of the stage.

UMBRELLAS.

Jonas Hanway, Esq. the philanthropist, is supposed to have been the first who carried an umbrella. He was born 1712, and died 1786. But this is not correct, for we read in Swift:

While streams run down the umbrella's side.

Swift's *Description of the Morning*, written 1710.

They are more universally used among the poorer sort of people in Worcestershire than in any county I have been in; almost every peasant, at least of the female sex, carrying an old umbrella in her market-basket.

THE HISTORY OF CIVILIS.

Civilis inherited from nature all those qualities which can endear man to man: unfortunately, however, he had naturally strong passions, which he had never been taught to controul, and becoming his own master at a very early age, he plunged with avidity into what the world calls pleasure. Naturally of a kind disposition, his fortune, as long as it lasted, was equally the property of his companions and himself; but that assistance which he had been so willing to bestow, he could not find when his necessities induced him to apply for it. Perhaps the situation most decidedly dangerous to honour and principle, is the one in which Civilis then found himself placed. Unable to continue his former appearance, and unwilling to quit the scenes of dissipation in which he had figured so long, he had recourse to many expedients, some of them of an unjustifiable nature, to procure the means of still revelling among beings whom he despised. Though conscious that he was sinking every hour both in his own estimation and that of the public, he had not the courage to make even an effort to retrieve either his fortune or his good name, till he was roused from his stupor by a visit from his friend Alexis.

Alexis was probably the only one of the numerous acquaintance of Civilis to whom he had never applied for assistance: the reason he had not was, that in the time of his prosperity Alexis had frequently and severely reproved his excesses. Some events which occurred obliged him to leave his native country for a short time, and during his absence the ruin of Civilis had been completed. Immediately on the return of Alexis, he hastened to console him, and, if possible, to withdraw him from a mode of life so repugnant to every virtuous feeling.

After kindly reproaching him for not having written to ask what he could well have spared, Alexis presented him with a considerable sum; and he accompanied his timely present with advice, which was of still more value. Roused by his energetic remonstrances, Civilis resolved to bid adieu for ever to a life of riot and licentiousness. He was still young enough to choose a profession, and by the advice of Alexis he determined on pursuing the law.

The dry and incessant study, as well as the numberless privations to which he subjected himself, were at first severely felt by Civilis, but a short time only had elapsed before he began to like his profession; and the rational hopes which he entertained of succeeding in it, cheered him under those privations and that laborious application which had at first appeared nearly insupportable.

Well would it have been for Civilis had a better motive than the desire of worldly wealth and honour stimulated him; but he was educated without solid principles of religion, and his naturally fine understanding had been perverted by the sophistry of our most celebrated deistical writers, till his belief in revealed religion was destroyed. Absorbed in the pursuit

of pleasure, he was for years without thinking on serious subjects; but when he began to study the law, he allowed himself, as a relaxation from its dryness, to spend sometimes an hour in reading, and unfortunately he continued the perusal of those dangerous works. This recreation, and an occasional visit to Alexis, were the only indulgences he allowed himself.

Alexis had a daughter, named Aspasia, an only child; her person was pleasing, and her talents were of a superior order. She had been educated by an aunt, who died soon after Civilis became an intimate in the family. Though naturally of an affectionate disposition, Aspasia did not much regret her aunt, whose bigotry and excessive severity had made her life very uncomfortable. Civilis was struck with the sprightliness of her genius, and provoked to see it bound in what he considered the fetters of the grossest superstition, he attacked her opinions, which she defended with a spirit worthy of her cause; but, alas! spirit was all that she could bring to the combat, for she had been too ill instructed to do justice to her faith, and her natural enthusiasm, mingled perhaps with some portion of vanity, forbade her to act as became her sex and youth, and fly the dangerous and unequal combat. In short, Civilis soon succeeded in overthrowing those principles in which she had been reared, and substituting in their place that phantom which has lured so many to their destruction—the love of virtue for its own sake, uninfluenced by the rewards and punishments held out to us in the Gospel.

But where, you will ask, was Alexis all this time? How came the natural guardian of his daughter's principles to be negligent of his sacred charge? Unfortunately, he knew not that they were in danger. Devoted to literary pursuits, and satisfied that his Aspasia had received what he considered a pious education, he left her without scruple to her own guidance; and frequently, while he was shut up in his study for hours together, she was employed in the perusal of sophistry, which perverted her heart, and finally destroyed her happiness.

Time stole on; Civilis had reason to congratulate himself on his perseverance, and Alexis rejoiced in his success as he would have done in that of a son. But just as Civilis found himself at the head of his profession, a circumstance occurred which blasted for ever the happiness of the venerable Alexis, and brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

This was the elopement of his daughter. She had appeared unusually melancholy for some time previous to her taking this rash step; but what were her motives for it, or who was the partner of her flight, remained a mystery. Civilis was truly grieved, for he loved her with fraternal affection, and he tried by every means which gratitude and friendship could devise to console her miserable father for her loss. His cares, however, were vain; Alexis breathed his last a few months after the elopement of his erring child, and as he never forgave her, he bequeathed by his last will his property to a distant relation.

Three years afterwards Civilis was made a judge. It happened that the first cause which came before him was a murder, supposed to have been committed by a woman on her new-born infant. Every circumstance proved that the unfortunate culprit, whose appearance bespoke the most abject poverty, was actually guilty of the crime imputed to her. Naturally humane, Civilis felt the awful responsibility of his situation so strongly, that when he rose to pronounce sentence his voice faltered, and he was so deeply agitated, that for a moment he was unable to proceed.

During this solemn pause, the culprit, in a wild and hollow tone, exclaimed, "Why do you hesitate? Haste, complete your work!" The spectators attributed her words to a partial derangement of intellect, and Civilis was himself of the same opinion. He pronounced the awful sentence of the law, and quitting the court, sought but vainly to lose in the pleasures of a social evening the weight which it had left upon his spirits.

What was the horror of Civilis, when he learned the next day, and at the same moment, that the wretched woman had swallowed poison, and that she was the long-lost Aspasia.

In a letter which she addressed to him before she took the deadly draught, she solemnly accused him as the author of her crimes and her sufferings. The effect of that sophistry, which had released her from all religious restraint, was to pave the way for her falling a prey to the arts of a villain, by whom she was speedily deserted; and, after passing through all the gradations of a life of infamy, she found herself reduced to the lowest indigence, her constitution ruined, her beauty totally gone, and for the first time about to become a mother.

"Wherefore," continued the unfortunate Aspasia, "should I suffer a wretch, born under those circumstances, to live? It was mercy to deprive it of an existence which must have been a curse. So at least I thought at the moment I formed the design of taking its life; but scarcely had I committed this last, this most dreadful of all my crimes, when conscience, whose murmurs I had so often disregarded, awoke: I could no longer silence her voice, I could no longer impose upon myself the belief, that there existed no Deity either to reward or punish. Oh, no! the hell within my bosom convinced me of the extent of his power.

"And now what remains? Dare such a wretch as I am hope for pardon? No! years of penitence could not wash away my guilt; and he who caused it has not allowed me even days for repentance.

"I go then to meet the doom prepared for me; and but for the reflection that my conduct caused his death, I could rejoice that my poor father does not live to witness the destruction of that child who was once his joy and pride.

"Civilis, he was your friend; how has his friendship been repaid?"

* * * * * *

Alas! the conscience of Civilis but too plainly answered the question; it told him that the accusations of Aspasia were too true, and

that he was in fact her murderer and that of her father.

For a considerable time he was incapable of transacting business, or even of seeing any one. He recovered, however, though slowly, the outward appearance of cheerfulness, and resumed the duties of his high station; but the thorn still festers in his heart. Often in the midst of those animated conversations, which render him the admiration and delight of society, does the remembrance of Alexis and Aspasia blanch his cheek, and obscure with the deepest gloom that countenance which the moment before had sparkled with hilarity.

As the only enjoyment he receives is the gratification of his vanity, he continues to exhibit in society those talents which spread such lustre over the morning of his life; but he is merely an actor who plays his part for the meed of public applause, and when, after earning it, he retires to the solitude of his closet, who would change conditions with Civilis?

"Who, indeed?" exclaimed Fortunio, as he closed the volume. "How little," continued he, apostrophising the genius, "O celestial messenger! have I deserved the kindness with which thou hast deigned to convince me of my error and my rashness! and how light, how puerile does my cause of sorrow appear compared to that of the unfortunate Civilis!"

It chanced that on that very day Arcas celebrated the anniversary of his son's marriage, and Fortunio was one of the guests invited to the *fête*. He went, and once more he was inclined to believe in the reality of human felicity. Arcas, seated between his son and daughter-in-law, who turned upon him looks of gratitude and love, appeared truly happy. Though a year had passed since the nuptials of the young couple were celebrated, it was evident that their attachment continued unabated. Fortunio said to himself, "Arcas, in witnessing daily the felicity which he has bestowed upon his son by uniting him to a good and lovely wife, whom he adores, and who loves him with equal fondness, must surely be happy."

He repeated this to himself many times ere he ventured to open the volume which was to confirm or refute his opinion; and a secret fear that it would do the latter, caused him more than once to hesitate before he perused the history of Arcas.

Plate 25.—DESCRIPTION OF LIEBENSTEIN.

By George Sinclair, *Esq.*

Liebenstein is a small village (see No. 1. in the annexed engraving), situated on the territory of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, about eighteen miles (English) from Meiningen, and sixteen from Eisenach. The environs are delightfully romantic and picturesque. It is bounded on three sides by mountains, which shelter it from the inclemency of the winds; whilst the front presents to the view a fertile tract of country, also terminated by hills, which are covered with wood. The village itself is inconsiderable, and consists of a row of

small cottages, peeping from among the trees by which they are surrounded. A spring of mineral water was discovered here about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and a protecting wall built over it by John Casimir, Duke of Coburg, in 1601, in honour of whom it was called Casimir's Well. It remained little known or frequented for many years, and was the property of a private gentleman, M. de Fischer; but having been used with great advantage by the present Duchess of Meiningen, it was purchased by her husband the late duke, who expended large sums in preparing accommodations for strangers, and in beautifying the environs. The spring is now surrounded with a row of beautiful stone pillars, and is called George's Well, from the late duke, its greatest benefactor. Opposite to the well is the *schloss*, or castle (No. 2.), a large building erected for the reception of visitors. It contains seventy-two rooms, in which there are about one hundred and twenty beds, and they are neatly and simply furnished. There is a large saloon, in which most of the guests dine and sup together; the former meal taking place at one, and the latter at eight. They are very punctually served up, and announced by the sound of a trumpet. Those who do not like to dine at so early an hour, may have dinner in their own room at any time they please, by paying 6 kreutzers a head additional. The price of every article is fixed, and printed copies pasted on the door. Dinner at the *table d'hôte* costs 1 florin a head on week-days, and 1 fl. 12 kr. on Sunday, on which day the Duchess of Meiningen and her court come down from Altenstein and dine there. Supper costs 36 kr. a head. The wine is excellent, and is supplied out of the ducal cellars: Hock at 1 fl. 48 kr. a bottle; Hattersheimer at 1 fl. 24 kr.; Medoc at 1 fl. 12 kr. The water also is very pure and well tasted. In each of the rooms there are two small beds in a recess, which are concealed from view by a thin white curtain, and the expense of such a room is from 3½ fl. to 5 fl. a week.

Those who prefer bathing in their own apartment, may have a large wooden tub for that purpose, and water brought into the room; but immediately opposite to the house there are very good accommodations for those who choose to bathe there.

There is also another building for the reception of strangers immediately contiguous to the *schloss*, and containing about sixty beds. Between the *schloss* and the well there is a neat grass-plot fenced round with a hedge, in the centre of which there is a cascade, which forms a very pleasing object both for the eye and for the ear. Immediately opposite is the theatre, a very neat and commodious building, in which an excellent company of German comedians from Bamberg act during the season; besides which, the ducal band from Meiningen, which may boast of some very fine performers, is also stationed here. Adjoining to the theatre is the *Fürstenhaus*, or Prince's House, a neat residence, built by the present duchess about nine years ago, as a resting-place when she comes down from the castle of Altenstein. It has a portico, sup-

ported by four beautiful pillars, and a dome of blue slate, surmounted by a glass cupola. Here the duchess very frequently drinks tea, and invites the principal visitors to spend the evening.—The theatre and *Fürstenhaus* are shewn in No. 3. of the engraving.

Opposite to the *schloss* are some venerable large chesnut-trees, under the shade of which chairs and tables are placed, where some of the company often breakfast and drink coffee, that they may at the same time enjoy the refreshing breeze and the prospect of the beautiful scenery around. On the right hand is a long alley, with a row of beech and linden-trees on each side, and a number of small rose-bushes. The gravel of the walk is frequently renewed, and soon dries, even after the most violent showers. Behind the *schloss* is a hill, which has been laid out into a garden, and contains a number of fruit and other trees; and at the bottom of it is a large commodious saloon for dancing. There are some cherry-trees cut into the shape of orange-trees, and so like, that we were deceived for some time by the appearance, until we approached them nearer. The ascent of the hill is gradual and easy; it partly slopes through a wood, and is partly open; it is impossible not to stop occasionally, and gaze upon the beautiful prospect which meets the eye on every side—a richly cultivated country, interspersed with woods and villages, intersected by the Werra, which meanders gently through it, and bounded at the extremity of the horizon by hills covered with wood. This view you enjoy in perfection when you have attained the summit of the hill, and stand amidst the ruins of the old castle, which formerly belonged to the family of Stein, and was destroyed by the Elector Augustus of Saxony about the year 1567, because the owner was engaged in some commotions which took place at that time. It was afterwards again rendered habitable, but having subsequently been deserted, is now fast mouldering away.

The charming village of Steinbach, which presents itself to the view on the right, and is situated at the foot of romantic hills, forms a delightful feature in the prospect. —The company often dine, when the weather is fine, in a large grotto on the left of the house, which is cool, sheltered, and shady. Some fine linden-trees at the entrance diffuse a delightful fragrance through the whole; and the murmuring of a stream, which slopes along the rocks at the side of it, is at once soothing and enlivening. The illumination of this grotto forms part of the rejoicings which usually take place on the birth-day of the duchess regent—a sovereign adored by all her subjects, to whose interests she is always attentive, and to whose wishes she is always accessible. Her highness dines at the *table d'hôte* every Sunday, and attends the ball in the evening. She shews every possible attention to strangers, and welcomes them at Altenstein with a kindness of manner which is peculiarly pleasing.

Altenstein, the summer residence of the house of Saxe-Meiningen, is situated within two English miles of Liebenstein. There is an excellent road between the two places;

and after passing by Glückbrunn, a small village, near which there is a very neat country-house belonging to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, you gradually climb a steep hill (where, however, the sloping direction of the road very much facilitates the ascent), and at length arrive at the house, which is very simple and elegant, both externally and internally. The appearance is not grand, and the furniture not magnificent, which would be totally unsuitable and cumbrous in a country-seat intended for relaxation and retirement; but a general attention to comfort is conspicuous in all the arrangements of the building. The walks in the vicinity of Altenstein were chiefly laid out by the late duke, a prince whose taste was equalled only by his liberality. His plans have been partly executed and partly improved by the duchess regent, who has spared no expense in embellishing a place for which nature has already done so much. The grounds have been partly laid out in the Swiss style, and are ornamented with a cottage built after the fashion of that country, near which a beautiful cascade gushes from a rock, and falls picturesquely into a small lake below. On the other side of Altenstein you see huge bare masses of solid rock, exhibiting the most striking varieties of form, and emerging abruptly from the midst of hills, which, in every other part, are clothed with wood. Beneath one of these rocks there is a large cave, which affords a cool and refreshing shelter from the heat of the sun, and where Æolian harps are placed, which greatly add to the general effect. The summit of these rocks has been in many places rendered accessible by flights of steps; and at the top of one of the highest a small cottage has been built (where the duchess and her guests occasionally drink tea), from the windows of which the view is truly grand and extensive.

Not far from the house at Altenstein there is a magnificent old lime-tree, under the shade of which the duchess and her party very frequently dine, when the weather admits of it. This is one of the finest trees I ever saw, and not only affords ample shelter, but diffuses a delightful fragrance around. But the most wonderful object of curiosity in the neighbourhood is a large subterraneous cave, which was accidentally discovered when the new way was made to Altenstein. Some of the workmen thought that they heard a hollow sound whilst digging on the road; the place was immediately examined by direction of the late duke, who happened to be present, and an immense cavern was discovered, which extends perhaps for several thousand feet, branching out in various directions. How, or for what purpose, it was formed, cannot at present be ascertained, or even conjectured, as a number of bones have been discovered in various parts, which have been declared by the celebrated Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen to be those of some antediluvian animal, which is now no longer to be met with. The whole extent of the cave has not yet been traced out: it is lighted up every Sunday with candles and torches, and you walk (after taking proper precautions against the cold) along a dark and

winding passage, until you arrive at a more lofty square; at the top of which several musicians are stationed, whilst others, at a greater distance, play the same tune in such a manner as almost to deceive you into the belief that you are listening to an echo. After continuing your route along the narrow vaulted path, you reach the banks of a stream which runs through the cavern; here you get into a boat, and row down for some distance, until you arrive at a monument erected to the memory of the late duke, consisting of the letter G introduced on a black surface, and lighted by a single coloured lamp. The effect of this simple homage to the memory of departed worth, is very striking, and

" Honours alike the living and the dead."

I shall say but little as to the mineral waters of Liebenstein, as I am not qualified to give a chemical analysis of their contents, or a medical dissertation upon their merits. They bear a great affinity to the Pyrmont waters, but are not near so disagreeable to the taste; and they are particularly celebrated for their efficacy in rheumatic and chronical cases. Several families have come from very distant parts—as for instance, from Königsberg—and have derived great benefit from the waters. The celebrated Kotzebue, amongst others, visited Liebenstein last year.

On the whole, I think that Liebenstein would be a residence well calculated for any English families during the summer months, who would wish to enjoy retirement occasionally diversified by society, and amusement combined with economy. The exercise which would be necessary to do justice to the beautiful environs, and the pleasure which would arise from a constant intercourse with the amiable family at Altenstein, and with the strangers who resort from all parts to Liebenstein during the season, would amply compensate for the distance and expense of the journey.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXIII.

Mentis gratissimus error.——Hor. *Ep.*
In pleasing error lost, and charmingly deceived.

I have not encouraged my correspondents, for very obvious reasons, to make their communications to me in verse. Poetry is not my department, nor do I profess those critical powers which would qualify me to instruct my readers in illustrating the inspirations of the Muses. I am not, I trust, insensible to that delight which the mind, if duly cultivated, receives from the works of poetical genius; but I do not feel myself equal to the attempt of communicating my own feelings in a way to heighten or enlarge the pleasures of others. I shall, however, venture to introduce into this paper the production of a female writer in verse, for which I flatter myself it will not be thought necessary that I should make any apology.

I shall, therefore, proceed to perform the duty incumbent on

me, by introducing it with the following observations. The subject of this little *jeu d'esprit* is the power of imagination, illustrated by a fable entitled *The Turtledove and the Looking-glass.*

It has been observed by an eminent writer, that there are few words which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of Fancy and Imagination; which, however, are indebted for their powers, and consequently for their pleasures, to the sight, which is described as the most perfect of the human senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight, though we possess the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images in all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the fancy or the imagination, which I here consider as the same faculty under different denominations.

Their pleasures, taken in the full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The latter indeed are preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind; yet it must be confessed, that those of the imagination are as great as those of the understanding: besides, they have this advantage, that they are more obvious and of more easy acquisition.

The possessor of a fine imagination, as Mr. Addison has well observed, and which every one will warmly testify who is so happily gifted, is introduced to various pleasures which the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find a companion in a statue; he often feels a greater satisfaction in the beauties of a landscape, than the actual owner of the land which furnishes it. He acquires a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that when he looks upon the surface of the earth, he discovers on it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

It is among the most desirable attainments of life, and not so often possessed as might be expected from the apparent facility of it, to know how to be unemployed or disengaged from active exertions, and yet to preserve the mind in a state of innocence, and the conduct of life consequently free from criminal indulgence. We should, therefore, endeavour to make the sphere of our innocent pleasures as wide as possible. Of this nature are those of the fancy or imagination, which do not require such an exertion of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights; but, with a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness without laborious or difficult efforts.

It might here be added, and I believe with great truth (which, I doubt not, the experience of many

of those who favour this paper with a perusal will confirm), that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health than those of the understanding, which are produced by the labour of thought. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on our corporeal as well as our intellectual faculties, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but oftentimes attain the very desirable object of dispersing grief and melancholy, and give a pleasing activity to our animal spirits. On this principle Sir Francis Bacon reasons in his well-known and estimable Essay on Health, in which he has, with his usual perspicuity and sound sense, recommended, under certain circumstances, to his readers a poem, or a fine prospect, instead of subtle disquisition; and advises them to pursue studies congenial to enlivening and pleasing thoughts, which may fill the mind with illustrious, animating, and amusing objects, such as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed. We are, generally speaking, so conversant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated displays of the same things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes more or less to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for some time at least, with another state of its appearance. Rural nature is ever pleasing in its clothing of groves, meadows, and gardens; but the season of their superior beauty is the spring, when they are all new and fresh with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye.

In short, what is there which the imagination or fancy cannot make subservient to its pleasures? And perhaps there are no more powerful means of soothing our mental distresses, than a moderate application and a wholesome direction of the faculty which has been the cursory topic of our consideration.

But whatever conduces to happiness may, by a misapplication of it, be rendered productive of misery. This may be said of the fancy as of every thing else; indeed so much so that it is sometimes considered as a disease, and, under an irregular state, is classed among those disorders to which medical science has directed its particular attention, and for whose cure it has discovered the appropriate remedies.

But this state of the imagination is not what occurred to me when I began to shape the composition of this paper, but merely such exertions of it as promote pleasure; though even in this view of it the indulgence should be under a certain degree of regulation. In works of art it is subject to certain rules. The painter, the statuary, and even the poet, who are so much indebted to it, that without it pre-eminence is altogether unattainable, must keep it under some degree of discretionary guidance, to secure the admiration and applause of those cool and critical judges, whose opinion can alone give the

stamp of merit to their works. There have been professors who, with all the necessary powers of execution, have been so completely under the dominion of imagination, that they have run into allegories which nobody could explain, thrown the human figure into such disproportions as were little short of being monstrous, and frightened poetry by heterogeneous ideas and burlesque imagery. But this by the way.

I do not mean to offend my readers, whom it is as much my wish as it is my interest to please and conciliate, but I may venture, from my observations of human nature, and my experience of the heart, to presume, that there are few persons, however distinguished for their understanding and moral excellence, who have not occasionally employed their fancy in what is called building castles in the air. I have had an ingenious disposition myself in my younger days to practise that aërial or imaginary architecture; nor do I disavow the pleasant moments it has afforded me, and the power it possessed of amusing me, when I had not the means, or perhaps did not feel the inclination, to apply to serious avocations. Indeed I well remember, that a female friend of mine, who, without any reason to complain of the world or of fortune, gave herself up so much to the indulgence of this humour, and had acquired such a ready mode of employing it, that there was no situation of rank, wealth, or worldly enjoyment, that she could not frame at command, and continue till she was satiated with the fanciful pleasures she had created. Her friends, who knew her tendencies, sometimes reproached her with gravity, or, as their tempers suited, quizzed her with vivacity, on the childish infatuation, but she had always some ready pleasantry to repel their attacks; and if, which was sometimes the case, she employed arguments in its defence, she never failed to conclude with the following lines from Prior, which, being a good musician, she had set to a very pleasing air, and, as the humour was, she would either sing or emphatically deliver them:

> Howe'er 'tis well, that while mankind
> Through fate's fantastic mazes errs,
> They can imagined pleasures find
> To combat against real cares.

It is, however, at best an idle employment of the mind; and if though it cannot be accused of being offensive to others, must, if suffered to grow into a habit, weaken the intellect, undermine the resolution, diminish activity, and render life useless. The lady whom I have just mentioned, used to say that it was at least an innocent employment of the mind: but this I deny, because it is no more than a gaudy, high-coloured idleness. It is a state of intellectual inebriety. It is making life a dream instead of a reality, and cannot be otherwise considered than as a perversion of the understanding; all which is so far from being innocent, that I, on the contrary, do not hesitate to pronounce it criminal. I particularly, therefore, warn young persons from the indulgence of it, as an enemy to those solid virtues which form the ornament, the honour, and real happiness of life.

Thus it appears, that fancy or imagination, like every power of

the mind, according to its tendencies, may promote or diminish the happiness, and thus keep the balance even, according to the allowable indulgence of it.

I now proceed to the little effusion which produced the foregoing desultory considerations.

The *Power of Imagination*, illustrated in the following fable:

THE DOVE AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Addressed to the Female Tattler.

Good lady, I ne'er ask the Muse
To utter scandal or abuse,
But some good moral to impart,
To soften and to mend the heart;
Or when winds blow and tempests lour,
To pass away the dreary hour,
Each sullen fancy to destroy,
And wake the spirits into joy:
FANCY, the source of many a woe,
And many a pleasure here below.
'Tis FANCY gives, we often find,
Delusive sorrows to the mind.
Unreal joy, as well as woe,
Does oft alike from FANCY flow.
Since then in life's uncertain hour
FANCY exerts such ample power,
Let us the busy phantom bless,
And guide it to our happiness.
How to attain the happy skill
Of binding FANCY to the will,
I mean, as well as I am able,
To tell you in the following fable.
Two TURTLEDOVES, within a cage,
Liv'd free from envy, hate, or rage;
No foreign or domestic strife
Disturb'd their inoffensive life.
Become the tender Delia's charge,
They happier liv'd, than if at large
They had been left within the groves
To take their flight, and coo their loves;
No care they had, no sorrow knew,
And fonder of each other grew:
But Fate, whose unrelenting sway
Creatures of all kinds must obey,
Sent forth its mandate to destroy
This fabric of connubial joy.
The envious, fatal arrow sped,
The tender lover hangs his head,
Falls from the perch, and fluttering lies—
He coos his last, he pants, and dies.
The widow'd bird, immers'd in grief,
Sits sullen, and disdains relief.
No plaintive moans its woes declare,
But silent the dejected fair
Broods o'er the sad, disastrous fate,
Which robb'd her of her darling mate.
Thus did she pine her hours away,
To stubborn grief a willing prey.
Ah, Delia! tender, gentle fair,
Thy bird eludes thy anxious care:
Ah! nought avails thy moisten'd eye,
And all thy heart's soft sympathy.
Another mate might cure the wound,
But where's another to be found?
FANCY alone has power to save
The hapless mourner from the grave.
By Delia's magic fingers plac'd,
With looking-glass the prison's grac'd.
Around the cage the mirrors shine;
Each mirror gives a form divine,
Such as the tender lover bore
Ere life and happiness were o'er.
The sadd'ning turtle turns her eyes,
And sees the welcome figure rise.
She fancies that her love returns,
And with her former rapture burns;
Then, as she does the union bless,
Hails a new life of happiness.
Thus, madam, having told my story,
The moral I must lay before you.
—FANCY, to mortals kindly given
By the indulgent will of Heaven,
To gild our passage as we stray
Through life's inhospitable day,
When pointed to its proper end,
Is virtue's sister, wisdom's friend;
Takes rigour from the face of truth,
Conveys to age the glow of youth,
And gives a more alluring dress
To true, substantial happiness.

M. C.

ZUMA, OR THE DISCOVERY OF QUINQUINA: *A Tale.*

By Madame DE GENLIS.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, the animosity of the Indians towards the Spaniards existed in all its force; tradition, too faithful, maintained among this oppressed and devoted people the dreadful recollection of the cruelty of their conquerors. They were

subjugated, but had not submitted. The Spaniards had only conquered slaves, and their reign was merely the dominion of terror. About this period a viceroy, more severe than all who had preceded him, excited their powerless and secret hatred to its utmost extent. His secretary, the rigorous minister of his arbitrary will, was a man of insatiable cupidity; and the Indians detested him even more than they did his master. He died suddenly, and the horrid symptoms which preceded his death, induced a universal belief that he had been poisoned by the Indians. Investigations were instituted, but the criminals remained undiscovered.—This event occasioned a great sensation, for it was not the first crime of the same description which had occurred among the Indians. It was well known that they were acquainted with various mortal poisons: they had oftener than once been detected in administering them; but neither torture nor the punishment of death had been successful in drawing from them any confession of these dreadful secrets.

Meanwhile the viceroy was recalled; and Count de Cinchon was appointed by the court of Spain to fill his place. The count was in the vigour of his age, and endowed with every amiable quality and every virtue calculated to conciliate the affection and win the confidence of all around him. He had a short time before married a charming young lady, whom he adored, and by whom he was passionately beloved. The countess had resolved on following her husband, who dreading, on her account, the perfidy and hatred of the Indians, expressed a wish that she should remain in Spain, notwithstanding the distress which the very thought of such a separation excited in his mind. But the countess was filled with terrors when she reflected, that her husband would be exposed to all the dark conspiracies of hatred and revenge. The facts attested by the late viceroy, and above all his exaggerated recitals, represented the Indians as vile slaves, who, under the mask of docility, and even attachment, were capable of plotting in secret the blackest and most criminal treachery. Surprising stories were related of the inconceivable subtilty of the poisons of South America, and indeed without exaggeration*. The alarm which these dreadful ideas excited in the mind of the countess, proved an additional motive in determining her to accompany the viceroy, that she might watch over his safety with all the precautions of fear and all the vigilance of love. She took along with her some Spanish ladies, who were to compose her court at Lima, and among them was the intimate friend of her childhood. Beatrice (for this was her name) was only a few years older than the vice-queen; but the attachment she entertained for her was of so tender a nature, that it resembled the affection of a mother. She had used every effort to persuade the countess to remain at

* From the accounts of travellers and naturalists, there are in America certain plants of so venomous a nature, that the poison takes effect on those who happen to step upon them even with shoes on their feet.

Madrid, but finding that her resolution was unalterably fixed, she determined to accompany her.

Though the Indians were overjoyed at being freed from the yoke of their viceroy, they were not the better disposed to receive his successor. He was a Spaniard, and they consequently expected that he would be animated only with feelings of injustice and tyranny, and a thirst for wealth. In vain were they informed that the count was mild, humane, and equitable; they repeated one to the other, *he is a Spaniard!* and these words conveyed the most energetic expression of hatred. Religion had not yet modified these impetuous feelings, her sublime morality was hitherto unknown to the Indians. Their rulers had merely compelled them to observe a few exterior ceremonies, and they still retained a great portion of their former superstition and idolatry.

Amidst all their misery, the Indians had exercised, ever since the conquest of America, a secret vengeance which had not yet roused the suspicion of any Spaniard; they had been forced to yield to their oppressors the gold and diamonds of the new world, but they had concealed from them treasures more precious and more useful to humanity. Though they had resigned to them all the luxury of nature, they had exclusively reserved real benefits to themselves. They alone knew the powerful counter-poisons and wonderful antidotes which cautious nature, or rather Providence, has distributed over these regions as remedies against extreme disorders. The Indians alone were aware of the admirable virtues of the bark of the quinquina, and by a solemn and faithfully observed compact, by the most dreadful and frequently renewed oaths, they had pledged themselves never to reveal to their oppressors these important secrets*.

Amidst the rigours of slavery the Indians had always maintained a kind of internal government among themselves; they nominated a chief, whose mysterious functions consisted in assembling them together during the night, at certain periods, to renew their oaths, and sometimes for the purpose of marking out victims among their enemies. The Indians of the townships, who enjoyed greater freedom than those who were subjected to service in the palace of the viceroy, and who were employed in the public works, never failed to join these nocturnal assemblies, which were held amongst the mountains in desert places, the only access to which was by-roads which appeared impassable to the Europeans. But these retreats were to them, if not the happy asylums of liberty, at least the sole refuge which could protect them against tyranny. At this time, their secret and supreme chief (for they had several) was named Ximeo. Irritated by misfortune and private injustice, his soul, though naturally great and generous, had long since been a stranger to every mild and tender sentiment. A feeling of vehement indignation, which no principle tended to repress, had, by daily increase, at length rendered him cruel and ferocious. But the base and cowardly atrocity of poisoning

* These details are all historical.

was repugnant to his character. He himself had never employed this horrible instrument of revenge, he had even interdicted it to his companions, and every act of villany committed in that way was done in contradiction to his will. Ximeo was a father; he had an only son named Mirvan, whom he fondly loved, and whom he had inspired with a portion of his hatred of the Spaniards. Mirvan was young, handsome, and generous. About three years before he had been married to Zuma, the most beautiful of all the Indian women of the environs of Lima. The tenderness and sensibility of Zuma were equal to the charms of her person; she formed the happiness of her husband, and lived only for him and for a child, two years of age, of which she was the mother.

Another chief, named Azan, next to Ximeo, possessed the greatest ascendance over the Indians. Azan was violent and cruel, and no natural virtue tempered the instinct of fury by which he was constantly animated. These two chiefs believed themselves to be of illustrious origin, they boasted of their descent from the royal race of the Incas.

A few days after the arrival of the new viceroy, Ximeo convoked, for the following night, a nocturnal meeting on the hill of the *Tree of Health*, thus they designated the tree from which is obtained the quinquina, or Peruvian bark. "My friends," he said, when they had all collected, " a new tyrant is about to reign over us: let us repeat our oaths of just revenge. Alas! we dare utter them only when we are surrounded by darkness! Unhappy children of the Sun, we are reduced to conceal ourselves amidst the shades of night! Let us renew around the *Tree of Health* the awful contract which binds us for ever to conceal our secrets." Ximeo then, in a more elevated and firm voice, pronounced the following words: "We swear never to discover to the children of Europe the divine virtues of this sacred tree, the only treasure which remains to us! Woe to the faithless and perjured Indian who, being seduced by false virtue, or fear, or weakness, shall reveal this secret to the destroyers of his gods, of his sovereigns, and of his country! Woe to the coward who shall make a gift of this treasure of health to the barbarians who have enslaved us, and whose ancestors burned our temples and cities, invaded our plains, and bathed their hands in the blood of our fathers, after having inflicted on them unheard-of torments!—Let them keep the gold which they have wrested from us, and of which they are insatiable, that gold which has cost them so many crimes; but we will at least reserve to ourselves this gift of Heaven!—Should a traitor ever arise amongst us, we swear to pursue and to exterminate him, though he should be our father, our brother, or our son. We swear, should he be engaged in the bonds of marriage, to pursue in him his wife and children, if they have not been his accusers, and if his children are in the cradle, to sacrifice them, so that his guilty race may be for ever extinct.—My friends, pronounce from your inmost souls these formidable oaths, the form of which was bequeathed to you by

your grandfathers, and which you have already so many times repeated!"—"Yes, yes," the Indians exclaimed with one voice, "we pronounce all these imprecations against him who shall betray this secret; we swear to keep it with inviolable fidelity, to endure the most dreadful torments and even death itself, rather than reveal it."

"Look back," said the ferocious Azan, "on the early days of our subjection, at that terrible period when millions of Indians were put to the torture; not one would save his life by the disclosure of this secret, which our countrymen have kept locked within their bosoms for more than two hundred years! Judge then, whether we can invent a punishment sufficiently severe for him who may betray it! For my own part, I once more swear, that if there be an Indian among us capable of such a crime, he shall perish only by my hand; and should he have a wife, and children sucking at their mother's breast, I again swear to plunge my poniard in their hearts!"

This ferocious speech was not pronounced without a design. Azan hated the young Mirvan, the son of Ximeo, not merely because he did not carry his animosity against the Spaniards to a sufficient length, but above all because Mirvan, the adored husband of the beautiful Zuma, and the father of a charming child, was happy. The wicked are always unfortunate and always envious. "Azan," replied Mirvan, "it is possible to keep one's promise without possessing your ferocity: no one here is capable of perjury; your menaces can therefore excite no terror, and are useless. We all know, that in excuse for cruelty you neither want a traitor to pursue nor a crime to punish." Azan, irritated, was about to reply; but Ximeo prevented a violent dispute, by representing the imprudence and danger of uselessly prolonging these clandestine assemblies, and all immediately dispersed.

The Indians being forced to dissemble, maintained an appearance of respect and submission. A numerous troop of young Indian women, carrying baskets of flowers, assembled at the gates of Lima to receive the vice-queen. Zuma was at their head, and the countess was so struck with her beauty, her grace, and the gentle expression of her countenance, that in the course of a few days she expressed a wish to have her among the number of Indian slaves who were employed in the interior of the palace for the service of the vice-queen. The countess quickly conceived such a friendship for Zuma, that she attached her to the private service of her chamber and her person. This favour seemed an act of imprudence in the eyes of Beatrice, whose mind was so prepossessed by the accounts she had heard of the perfidy of the Indians, that notwithstanding the natural generosity of her character, she yielded to every sinister alarm and every black suspicion which gloomy distrust and terror were capable of inspiring: she was excusable; it was her friend's safety, and not her own, that excited her apprehensions! She observed with distress the friendship of the vice-queen for an Indian female, and the women of the countess conceived an

extreme jealousy of Zuma. They took advantage of the weakness of Beatrice to fill her mind with prejudice: they represented Zuma as being false, dissembling, and ambitious, and one who fancied that her pleasing person would pardon every act of presumption; that she was far from loving the countess, and that she entertained an inveterate abhorrence of the Spaniards. Theysoon wentstill greater lengths, and attributed to her the most extravagant discourse. Beatrice did not indeed give credit to all that was related to her, but she conceived a degree of inquietude and distrust which inspired her with a real aversion for Zuma. This enmity became the stronger when she found that Zuma was immoveably fixed in the good graces of the vice-queen, who daily testified more and more attachment towards the object of so much hatred, injustice, and calumny. Zuma, on her part, entertained the tenderest affection for the countess: nevertheless, to avoid disagreeable scenes, she almost wholly confined herself to her own chamber, and seldom appeared except when the countess required her services.

The viceroy spared no endeavours to render himself beloved by the Indians; but the latter had known instances of several viceroys having manifested mildness, justice, and affability at the commencement of their government, who afterwards belied all these happy promises. Thus the real goodness of the count made no favourable impression upon them. They regarded it as hypocrisy or weakness occasioned by fear on account of the sudden death of the secretary of his predecessor.

The countess had now resided about four months at Lima, and a visible decline had taken place in her health. This distressing change was at first attributed to the burning heat of the climate; but her indisposition daily augmented, alarm was entertained for her safety, and she was at length suddenly attacked with a tertian fever. Every remedy known at that period was employed without effect. The anxiety of Beatrice knew no bounds; she privately questioned the physician who had come from Spain in the suite of the viceroy, but who, regarding the case as hopeless, spoke in a mysterious way, and even hinted that he attributed the illness of the countess to some extraordinary cause, of which he could give no account. His air of dismay and apparent wish to conceal his real opinion, all tended to inspire Beatrice with the horrible idea, that her friend was dying by the effect of slow poison. She enjoyed not a moment's rest: though she cautiously hid her suspicions from the countess, and even from the count, yet she found it impossible to dissemble with two of the countess's women, who used every effort to strengthen the notion she had imbibed. But who could have committed this horrible crime? None but Zuma—Zuma, who was privileged to enter the apartment of the vice-queen at every hour. But Zuma, whom the countess had overwhelmed with acts of bounty, what interest could have prompted her to this atrocity? Hatred is ever ready with replies to serve her own purposes. Zuma was hypocritical, vain, and ambitious, and she moreover entertained a secret and criminal passion for the viceroy. In

a word, she was an Indian, and had been familiarized from her infancy with the blackest of crimes.

Beatrice for some time laboured to repel these horrible suspicions, but she beheld the existence of her friend rapidly declining, and her terror no longer allowed her to reason and observe with her own eyes; she lent a ready ear to every accusation, and gave credit to the most extravagant calumny. In the mean time the viceroy experienced the bitterest anguish of mind; and without imagining the commission of any crime, he felt the utmost alarm at the long continuation of the countess's indisposition. However, a favourable change in the state of the patient kindled a ray of hope, which beamed for the space of a day or two. The physician, overjoyed, pronounced her recovery to be almost certain; suspicion gradually slumbered, and Beatrice seemed restored to new existence. She did not, however, revoke the private orders she had given for secretly watching Zuma, and never permitted her to enter the chamber in which were deposited the various medicinal draughts prepared for the countess.

Amidst all these different agitations, the thoughts of the innocent and sensible Zuma were turned wholly on the vice-queen, whom she loved with all the sincerity of a pure and grateful soul. She was afflicted to the utmost on reflecting, that there existed an infallible remedy to which she dared not direct her. Zuma well knew the horrible oaths by which the Indians had bound themselves never to reveal this secret. Had her own life alone been marked out as the sacrifice, she would not for a moment have hesitated to divulge all she knew; but her husband and her son must have been the certain victims of such a declaration: finally, she was aware that the vindictive Ximeo, the better to insure himself of her discretion, had placed her beloved child as a hostage in the hands of the ferocious Azan, and Thamis, another Indian chief, who, though less cruel than Azan, was animated by an equal hatred of the Spaniards. Zuma, therefore, dared not confide her grief to Mirvan; she smothered her tears, and deplored her fate in silence. Her affliction was suddenly increased, for the feeble hope which had been entertained of the countess's recovery soon vanished; the fever returned with redoubled violence; the physician declared her life to be in danger, and that the countess could not support another such attack, should it be renewed within twelve days or a fortnight. Universal dismay prevailed throughout the palace. This cruel declaration plunged the count and Beatrice into despair, and rent the heart of Zuma. The vice-queen, who was fully aware of her situation, manifested as much courage as gentleness and piety; the resignation of the happiest life, when accompanied by the consciousness of perfect purity, is always a calm sacrifice: she received, by her own desire, all the sacraments. She took a tender farewell of her friend and husband, having exhorted the latter to watch over the happiness of the Indians, and particularly that of her dear Zuma; and she resigned herself wholly to the consolations of religion. Zuma, who had been

a witness to this pathetic scene, could no longer withstand the excess of her grief; her health, which had been in a declining state for the space of three months, now yielded to the weight of her affliction, and she was attacked that very evening with the disorder which threatened the life of the countess, the tertian fever. After she had sustained two or three violent attacks, Mirvan, with the consent of the Indians, secretly conveyed to her the precious powder which was to operate her cure; on condition, however, that she should not be entrusted with it in any large quantity, but should daily receive an allowance sufficient for one dose. Zuma received in the morning the first dose, which was to be taken before she retired to rest in the evening. When she was alone, she looked steadfastly on the powder; her countenance was bathed in tears, and raising her eyes to Heaven, "Great God," she exclaimed, "I am inspired by thee!—I can only save her by sacrificing my own life; my resolution is fixed—I will never disclose the mighty secret. My death will expiate my compassion, even in their eyes; besides, they will never suspect such an act of devotion, and will attribute her cure to the help of medicine. I shall neither endanger the safety of Mirvan nor my child; I shall not betray the secrets of my countrymen: I shall die, but the countess will live. What signifies the existence of poor Zuma?—and how precious is the life of that daughter of Heaven, who has employed her power only to assist the unfortunate and console the afflicted—that generous protectress of all who pine in poverty and slavery, and whose faltering voice but now sent forth a prayer for the cruel Indians who suffer her to languish! — O my benefactress! even though surrounded by the shades of death, you did not forget your faithful Zuma! I heard your lips pronounce a blessing on her name!—Yes, by the sacred light of the Sun, I swear that I will save you!" With these words Zuma wrapped up the powder of the quinquina, concealed it in her bosom, and rose from her chair; then suddenly stopping, she began to reflect on the means of introducing herself unperceived into the closet where the drink intended for the countess was placed. She had no idea of the suspicions entertained against her, nor of the precautions which had been adopted to render this closet inaccessible to her as well as the rest of the Indian slaves; she merely supposed, that since the illness of the vice-queen her Spanish women had appropriated to themselves the task of attending on her person, either through fear or jealousy, or one of those customs to which she had heard them so frequently allude, and which they termed *etiquette*. She resolved to enter the closet during the night, after the maid who slept there had retired to rest; and in case of her being discovered, she had determined to say, anxiety had induced her to quit her chamber to inquire after the state of the countess. At the same time, wishing to ascertain whether she could introduce herself into the closet without passing through the apartment of the vice-queen, she descended into a long corridor, and having looked

cautiously around her, she discovered a small side door, which, as she previously supposed, communicated with the closet: the key was in the lock, and she determined to enter in this way during the night. She then speedily returned to her chamber.

In conformity with the orders of Beatrice, Zuma's conduct was watched with the utmost minuteness, and the servants of the palace hastened to inform Beatrice that Mirvan had been to visit her that very day; that one of the maids who had been stationed at the door to listen to their conversation, had not been able to collect a single word, in consequence of the low tone of voice in which they discoursed, but that Mirvan was excessively agitated on departing; that Zuma had descended the staircase, had searched about the corridor, examining every door, and that on discovering that which led into the closet, she indicated evident signs of fear lest she should be surprised, and that she finally escaped to her own apartment. Beatrice shuddered at this recital: she immediately foresaw that Zuma entertained the design of introducing herself into the closet during the night; she ordered the women to warn her of the moment when Zuma should quit her chamber, and, at the same time, directed them to avoid entering the closet, and to leave the key in the door. Beatrice without delay communicated all she had heard to the viceroy, who, without adopting her suspicions, was nevertheless filled with amazement at the story, and agreed to conceal himself in the closet.

About one hour after sunset, the servants came to inform Beatrice that Zuma was descending the staircase, but without any light, and with all the precautions of mystery and fear. Beatrice and the count immediately proceeded to their place of concealment. In a few moments they heard the door gently open, and Zuma appeared. She was pale and trembling; she walked slowly and with apparent effort. She looked around the chamber with a countenance which announced distress and fear; she listened for some time at the door which communicated with the apartment of the vice-queen; all was silent. Zuma then approached the table, on which a medicinal draught had been placed in a decanter of crystal, for the purpose of being administered to the countess; she drew from her bosom the paper containing the quinquina powder, opened it, and shook the powder into the decanter. The viceroy, seized with horror, rushed into the closet, exclaiming, "Wretched woman! what have you thrown into the liquor?" At this unexpected sight, at this terrible question, Zuma started with dismay, the decanter fell from her hands and shivered in pieces; she threw herself into a chair, uttering the words, *I am undone!*—and swooned away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

MANNERS OF THE NEW-ZEALANDERS.

(From NICHOLAS'S *Narrative of a Voyage to New-Zealand.*)

NEW-ZEALAND is as little if not the least known of the South Sea Islands, though it assumes a high rank among them, both from its great extent and natural capacity for improvement. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, principal chaplain of New South Wales, having determined, with all the zeal of a missionary and the benevolence of a Christian, to carry civilization into this region, sailed from Port Jackson on the 19th November, 1814, in the Active of 110 tons, purchased and fitted out on account of the Church Missionary Society, to carry his design into effect. Mr. Nicholas, who happened to be disengaged from mercantile pursuits at that period, accompanied him. In the Active sailed also from Port Jackson three New-Zealand chiefs, Shungi, Korra-korra, and Duaterra, the latter of whom had been for several years a common sailor in the English merchant-service, undergoing cruel treatment from several masters of vessels, and much hardship in an attempt to see King George, for which purpose he left New-Zealand in a whaler, and was brought, alas! only into the river Thames, deceived and abandoned.

In the course of her voyage, the Active arrived at the harbour of Wangeroa, of bloody celebrity, from the recent massacre of the crew of the Boyd, an English vessel. Anxious to learn the particulars of this horrid catastrophe, Mr. Marsden, Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Kendall a schoolmaster, Mr. Hall a carpenter (two of the intended settlers), and the chiefs Shungi and Duaterra, went on shore, and proceeded cautiously, with the latter as an advanced guard, to the encampment of these barbarians; passing on their way through a large village, the inhabitants of which gazed very earnestly at them, but neither spoke to nor interrupted them.

The moment they were perceived by the Wangeroans, one of their women made a signal, "by holding up a red mat, and waving it in the air, while she repeatedly cried out at the same time, in a loud and shrill voice, *Haromai, haromai, haromai!* (come hither,) the customary salutation of friendship and hospitality."

Encouraged by this cheering invitation, which is invariably held sacred, they advanced, Duaterra and Shungi adding to the bond of union by touching noses in the most amicable way with George and Tippouie, the opposite chiefs, who stood up while their warriors were seated round them with their spears stuck in the ground, and paying great deference to their leaders. During the whole ceremony of introduction, the old woman never ceased waving the red mat, and repeating what Duaterra

informed the Europeans were prayers exclusively designed for the occasion.

Duaterra and Shungi, says Mr. Nicholas, standing up with an air of unreserved confidence, fired off their loaded pistols; while their rival chiefs, George and Tippouie, doing the same, I thought proper to follow their examples, and immediately discharged my fowling-piece. This conclusive signal of amity was regarded by the warriors, who had hitherto remained silent spectators, as the prelude to their commencing themselves, and instantly a report from six or seven muskets was heard to reverberate in our ears; and spears and fire-arms coming together in deafening collision, the noise very soon became insupportable. It would be hard to say which was more tormented during this conciliatory exhibition, the ear or the eye; for the war-dance now commencing, was attended with such frightful gesticulations, and such horrible varieties of convulsive distortions, that to see was no less painful than to hear: yells, shrieks, and roars answered in responsive discord to all the clashing fury of their weapons; and the din made by this horde of savages might inspire even the most resolute mind with terror and dismay.

The chiefs were now in perfect harmony with each other, and the furious clamour having ceased, I had an opportunity of meditating on the scene before me, while Mr. Marsden stood in conversation with George. It was certainly a grand and interesting spectacle. The savage warriors, amounting to about a hundred and fifty of as fine men as ever took the field in any country, were encamped on a hill which rose in a conical shape to a considerable height; and the many imposing singularities they presented, were such as to excite a particular interest in the mind of the beholder. Few of these men were under six feet in height; and their brawny limbs, their determined countenances, and their firm and martial pace, entitled them very justly to the appropriate designation of warriors.

The general effect of their appearance was heightened by the variety of their dresses, which often consisted of many articles that were peculiarly becoming. The chiefs, to distinguish them from the common men, wore cloaks of different coloured furs, which were attached to their mats, and hung down over them in a manner not unlike the loose jackets of our hussars. The dress of the common warriors only wanted the fur cloaks to make it equally rich with that of their superiors, for it was in every respect the same, and sometimes even more showy. Many of them wore mats, which were fancifully worked round with variegated borders, and decorated in other respects with so much curious art, as to bespeak no less the industry than the exquisite taste of the ingenious maker. The mats of others among them were even still more beautiful, for they were of a velvet softness and glossy lustre, while ornamented with devices which were equally tasteful with those I have described. These mats were all made from the flax, and some dyed with red ochre, so that the appearance they presented was gay and characteristic.—

Each individual wore two of them, and some even more, the inside one being always tied round the waist with a belt. In this belt was stuck their pattoo-pattoo, which is their principal war-instrument, and carried with them at all times, no less for the purposes of defence and attack, than as a necessary ornamental appendage. Indeed there can be nothing extraordinary in this, for the same is done in every country, polished or unpolished, the only difference being as to the weapons borne by the various nations; and the warrior of Wangeroa is quite as proud of his rude pattoo-pattoo, as the vainest military officer can possibly be of his dangling sabre.

With the exception of the chiefs, there were very few of them tattooed; and all had their hair neatly combed and collected in a knot upon the top of the head, where it was ornamented with the long white feathers of the gannet. Many of them had decorations which never failed to remind one of their martial ferocity. These were the teeth of the enemies they had slain in battle, which hung down from the ears of several of them, and were worn as recording trophies of their bloody conquests. But ornaments less obnoxious than these to the civilized beholder were frequently seen among them; and I observed some of green jade that were extremely curious. However, I could not suppress my emotions on seeing the dollars that were taken from the plunderers of the unfortunate Boyd, suspended from the breasts of some of them, and all the horror of that cruel transaction was revived in my mind. But the ornaments on which they set the most value were rude representations of the human form, made of green jade, and carved with some ingenuity. These hung down from their breasts, in the same manner as the dollars.

Their instruments of war were as diversified as their dresses and decorations, and the weapons of no two of them were exactly the same in shape and dimensions. The greater part of them carried spears; but these were all of different lengths, and otherwise made in such manner as to preclude the idea of uniformity, though there were some particulars in which a similarity among the whole of them might be observed. I remarked many of them with short spears, which served them for the same purpose that the musket is employed in other countries, to attack their enemies at a distance; and this they generally do to some effect, by darting these spears at them with a sure aim. The long spears, which are headed at the end with whalebone worked down to an extremely sharp point, they use as lances, and with these they do great execution in close attack. Battle-axes also were carried by some individuals among them, as likewise an instrument resembling a sergeant's halberd, which had large bunches of parrot's feathers tied round the top of it by way of ornament. Others brandished in their hands long clubs made of whalebone, and all carried the pattoo-pattoo, an instrument of no fixed dimensions, though generally about eleven or twelve inches long, and

four broad. In shape it bears some resemblance to the battledore, but is worked out to a sharp edge, and one blow from it would instantly sever the hardest skull. They employ them for the purpose of knocking down their enemies when they come to close combat, and indeed no weapon can do this more effectually. Those I have seen were variously made of the whalebone, the green jade, and a dark-coloured stone susceptible of a high polish. The ingenuity they evince in making these weapons is really surprising; and I am fully convinced that none of our best mechanics, with all the aid of suitable tools, could finish a more complete piece of workmanship in this line, than one of these savages, whose whole technical apparatus consists of a shell or a sharp stone. Tippouie, who, I must now observe, was the brother of George, had a weapon of this description, which he had beat out of some bar-iron, and the polish it displayed was so very fine, that I could not have thought it possible for it to have been effected by the simple process of a New-Zealander, had I not many other proofs of the astonishing ingenuity of these people. Thus did the savage instruments of death present themselves to my view in every shape, and the scene gave rise to many powerful sensations.

The fated crew of the Boyd were still present in my mind; and the idea that I was at that very moment surrounded by the cannibals who had butchered them, and had seen the very weapons that had effected their slaughter, caused a chilling horror to pervade my frame; while looking only at the deed itself, I never once considered that it might have been provoked.

But while my mind was thus agitated with the reflections produced by this shocking massacre, I contemplated with surprise the faces of the perpetrators. Never did I behold any, with the exception of one countenance (George's), that appeared to betray fewer indications of malignant vengeance. I observed, on the contrary, an air of frankness and sincerity pictured in them all; and the fierceness they displayed was not that of barbarous fury, impatient for destruction, but of determined courage, still ready to engage, but always prepared to shew mercy.

MASSACRE OF THE CREW OF THE SHIP BOYD*.

(From Nicholas's *Narrative of a Voyage to New-Zealand.*)

George (the chief of Wangeroa) stated, that himself and another of his countrymen being together at Port Jackson, they both agreed with Captain Thompson to work their passage to their own country. It happened, he said, however, that he was taken so ill himself during the voyage, as to be utterly incapable of doing his du-

* The Boyd, a ship of 500 tons, commanded by Captain John Thompson, was chartered by government in 1809 to take out convicts to Botany Bay; when, having completed that business, she embarked a number of passengers, and proceeded to New-Zealand for a cargo of timber.

ty; which the captain not believing to be the case, and imputing his inability to work rather to laziness than indisposition, he was threatened, insulted, and abused by him. George attempted to remonstrate against this severe treatment; but the captain being a man of a choleric temper, this only exasperated him the more, and it was in vain that the other told him he was a chief in his own country, and ought to be treated with some respect; urging at the same time his illness, and assuring him that this was the only cause that prevented him from working. The enraged captain would pay no regard to what he said, but calling him a *cookee, cookee* (a common man), had him tied up to the gangway, and flogged most severely. This degrading treatment of the captain towards him taking away all restraint from the ship's company, he was subject during the rest of their voyage to their taunts and scurrilities, and they persecuted him, he said, in every possible way that they could devise.

Such treatment, it will readily be supposed, must have sunk deeply into a mind like George's, and the revenge he meditated was no less terrible than certain. But whether he resolved on it during the voyage, or had afterwards formed the diabolical design, I was not able to discover; though I imagine he had conceived it before he got on shore, as he told the captain very emphatically, while he was derided by him for calling himself a chief, that he would find him to be such on arriving at his country. This, however, might have been said without any other idea than to assure him of the fact, and was a natural reply enough to his taunting incredulity. But a stronger circumstance than this leads me to suppose that George had determined on his horrid purpose while he was yet on board. On their arrival at New-Zealand, the captain, induced most probably by his suggestions, ran the ship into Wangeroa, a harbour which, I believe, had never before been entered by any European vessel, and which lying in the very territory of the chief whom they had so ill treated, was recommended, I doubt not, to make his destruction inevitable. He would not acknowledge to us that he himself suggested this harbour to the captain as the most convenient place for him to take in his cargo, though from his evasive answers I am fully persuaded he decoyed him into it. The ship being now anchored in his own harbour, the captain, he informed us, sent him on shore, having first stripped him of every thing English he had about him, to the very clothes he had on, which were also taken from him; so that he was received by his countrymen almost in a state of perfect nudity. To these he instantly related all his hardships, and the inhuman treatment he had received on board; while enraged at the detail, they unanimously insisted on revenge, and nothing short of the destruction of the captain and the crew, and taking possession of the vessel, could satisfy their fury.

This he promised to do, and the work of slaughter was now about to commence, while the devoted victims remained unconscious of the infernal project. The impru-

dence and temerity of Captain Thompson assisted that vengeance which his misconduct had roused, and were now displayed in too evident a manner. Never once reflecting on the character of the savage, whose favourite passion is revenge, and not considering that his own tyranny had provoked the most signal retaliation that could be taken, he had the rashness to leave the ship unprotected, and taking a boat's crew with him, proceeded to the shore, where a horde of outrageous cannibals stood prepared for his destruction. The duration of this dreadful tragedy was short. He had scarcely landed, when he was knocked down and murdered by Tippouie, George's brother; and his sailors, unhappily sharing the same fate, were all stripped by the barbarians, who immediately appeared dressed in the clothes of their victims, and went on to the ship to complete the carnage. Arriving at the ship, with their revenge unsatiated, and still raging for blood, a general massacre of the remaining part of the crew, together with all the passengers on board, immediately ensued, and with the exception of four individuals, neither man, woman, nor child, of all that had left Port Jackson, escaped the cruel vengeance of their merciless enemies. It was in vain they sought to conceal themselves; they were soon discovered with a fatal certainty, and dragged out to suffer the most excruciating torments. Some of the sailors running up the rigging, with the hope that when the fury of the savages should have subsided, their own lives might be spared, met with the same fate as the rest of their unfortunate companions. Coming down at the request of Tippahee (chief of another tribe more to the south), who had, on that dreadful morning, come into the harbour from the Bay of Islands, they put themselves under his protection, and though the old chief did all in his power to prevent their being massacred, his efforts were unavailing, and they fell before his eyes, the last victims in this last scene of blood and horror. But here I am wrong, this was not the last scene, for there was one more at which humanity will shudder, as well as the person who records it. These savages, not satisfied with the vengeance they had already taken, and true to their character as cannibals, feasted themselves on the dead bodies of their victims, devouring the mangled flesh till their inhuman appetites were completely glutted. The four who had escaped the cruel destiny of all the rest, consisted of a woman, two children, and the cabin-boy; these, except the last, had fortunately eluded the search of the barbarians till their thirst of blood was satiated, and then being discovered, were spared, and treated with some kindness. The cabin-boy having, during the voyage, ingratiated himself into favour with George by several acts of friendship, had now the good fortune to receive that reward, which of all others was the most valuable to him, his life. The chief, impressed with a grateful recollection of his kind offices, received him in an affectionate manner; while he ran to him for protection, and crying out in a piteous strain, "George, you won't kill me?" he was answer-

ed by the other, who shewed that, with all his cruelty, he was capable of gratitude, "No, my boy, I won't kill you, you are a good boy;" and taken by him under his own immediate care.

Such was the end of the unfortunate Boyd, and such the melancholy fate of a number of people all cut off in the prime of life, and lost to their country, their friends, and their dearest connections, by the intemperate violence of one individual. Not less, I should suppose, than seventy human beings were destroyed in this furious carnage.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 27.—BALL DRESS.

A SOFT white satin slip, over which is worn a dress composed of white spotted gauze. The body, which is cut extremely low all round the bust, is finished by a light quilling of blond, which stands up round the bosom, and a full bow of ribbon in the centre of the breast, which has an effect at once tasteful and delicate. Long sleeve, composed of transparent gauze, which is striped with satin; these stripes are byas, and they are each ornamented in the middle of the arm with a pearl button: it is finished at bottom by a single fall of blond. Half-sleeve, to correspond with the body. For the trimming of the skirt we refer to our print, as we are not permitted to describe it: we can only say that the materials are extremely elegant and novel. The hair is dressed rather high behind. The front hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in light loose ringlets on each side of the face. Head-dress a *fichu à la Marmotte*, composed of rich blond and satin, and tied at the side in a bow of the same materials. Ear-rings and necklace pearl and topaz. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

PLATE 28.—WALKING DRESS.

Cambric muslin high dress, the lower part of the body made full, and the upper part, which is tight to the bust, composed entirely of rich work. A row of pointed work forms a narrow pelerine, which is brought rather high on the bosom, and ends in a point in front. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a deep flounce and heading, composed of the same material, which is surmounted by a row of soft muslin *bouffoné* let in at small distances from each other. Over this dress is worn a spencer, composed of *gros de Naples*, ornamented with figured buttons, which are intermixed with a light, novel, and elegant trimming. For the form of the body we refer our readers to our print. The sleeve, of a moderate width, is finished at the wrist, to correspond with the body, by a double row of buttons and trimming intermixed. The epaulette, of a new and singularly pretty form, is edged with trimming, and finished with buttons on the shoulder. Autumnal bonnet, the front

rather large, and of a very becoming shape; the crown low: it is tied under the chin by a large bow of ribbon. We are interdicted from describing either the novel and elegant materials of which this bonnet is composed, or the ornament which finishes it in front. Swansdown muff, lilac sandals, and pale lemon-colour kid gloves.

We have been favoured this month with both our dresses by a lady, one of our subscribers, who purchased them, we understand, at Mrs. Bell's in St. James's-street.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one which rarely affords us any considerable change to present to our fair readers in promenade dress. There is indeed some alteration in the materials, but little in the manner of making them up; for there is rarely a sufficient number of fashionables in town to stimulate the invention of our tonish *marchandes des modes*, who generally reserve their most striking novelties till after Christmas. The few *belles* who occasionally appear on foot at present, are generally seen in white merino cloth spencers, stout sarsnet pelisses, or large India scarfs, which are put on shawl fashion, and wrapped very closely round the bust.

Our researches have served to furnish us with only one elegant novelty in promenade dress, and that we have presented to our readers in our print. We must, however, observe, that this dress is as generally adopted for carriage costume, for which it is certainly very appropriate, as for the promenade.

Plain walking bonnets, composed of Leghorn, are still considered genteel, but they are beginning to be superseded by beaver, which are much in request, with silk pelisses or cloth spencers. They are generally lined and trimmed with satin to match the trimming of the spencer or pelisse, and ornamented with a full plume of low feathers, which are of the same colour as the bonnet, but tipped at the ends to correspond with the trimming. They are of various shapes, but that called the French is most fashionable.

Carriage dress is lighter than we remember it at this season in general. Black satin spencers and shawl pelisses are generally worn over cambric dresses; the former are made in a similar style to the one given in our print, and their effect on white dresses is uncommonly rich and elegant. The pelisses which are in imitation of Cachemire, are made in a style of uncommon simplicity: the back is plain, the fulness thrown very much behind; they fit the shape exactly in front, and have in general a little collar, which comes close round the throat. A plain long sleeve, bound at the wrist with ribbon, which is generally the trimming used for these pelisses; they are edged with it. Swansdown muffs and tippets are invariable appendages to these pelisses; and the very elegant bonnet given in our print is also much worn with them.

Cambric muslin is still in the highest request for dishabille, but striped or jaconot muslin is very little worn. We saw the other day a new morning dress, the effect of which was whimsical, but rather

advantageous to the figure: the skirt is flounced pretty high, the body fastened behind, the back is full, and so is the lower part of the front. It is finished round the throat by three rouleaus of clear muslin, which completely envelope the throat, and stand up round the chin. A piece of muslin, which is cut in the form of a half-handkerchief, is put on as a pelerine: it is open and crosses behind, and comes straight down the front on each side till it meets the top flounce. This curious kind of pelerine is also flounced; and although the quantity of trimming, which, we must observe, ought to be soft muslin, is rather detrimental to a very little figure, to *belles* of a tolerable size it is becoming, and if made in light materials would have a most graceful effect.

Before we proceed to speak of dinner dress, we must express a hope, that we shall soon have some novelties in trimming to present to our fair readers. Much has been already done for the relief of our distressed manufacturers, but we grieve to say that much yet remains to be done. Fancy trimmings used to give employment to hundreds of industrious tradespeople, who are now starving, and the far greater part of them being females, are absolutely incapable of gaining a livelihood in any other way. We have heard with pleasure, that several ladies of distinguished rank have expressly ordered a fashionable *marchande des modes*, who is employed by them, to use fancy trimmings for their dresses during the winter. We hope this example will be generally followed.

Muslin is now little worn for dinner dress, but silks, satins, and poplins are universally in request.—Waists still continue very short, backs are as broad as ever, and sleeves in general of a moderate breadth. Bodies now always correspond in colour with the skirts, but they are frequently made of satin for either sarsnet or poplin skirts. Three-quarter high bodies are very much in request for dinner dress, and *fichus* are more worn than they have been for some years. Blond, satin, and ribbon still continue the favourite trimmings; British net is also in considerable request. Embroidered and shaded ribbons are much used, and are frequently so disposed as to have a very novel appearance. British net, when used for flounces, is frequently surmounted by corkscrew-rolls of shaded ribbon; and the edges of these flounces are sometimes scolloped, and slightly embroidered either in floss, silk, or chenille, which has an uncommonly pretty effect.

Gauzes of every description, that is to say, plain, striped, sprigged, and spotted, are in estimation for full dress. Coloured satins, trimmed either with blond, British net, or rouleaus of white satin, are worn by matronly ladies, as are also coloured crapes over white satin.

Cornettes for half dress are made much lower than they were in the crown, and consequently more becoming. They are sometimes quartered by rouleaus of satin, sometimes by corkscrew-rolls of shaded ribbon. One of the prettiest which we have seen was composed of blond, with corkscrew-rolls of blush-coloured ribbon spotted with white. A piece of blond, let in very full

round the top of the crown, was confined by small rosettes of the same coloured ribbon: it is trimmed with narrow blond, tied under the chin with ribbon to correspond, and finished by a single Provence rose placed at one side.

The hair is very little seen in half dress; a few light ringlets just peep out on each side from under the cap, which is generally placed so forward as to shade the forehead. A few ladies adopt the Grecian style of braiding their hair, but this fashion is too generally unbecoming to be universally adopted.

The hind hair continues to be still worn rather high, but it is variously disposed in front. The most prevailing fashion is that given in our print, but some ladies intermix their ringlets with braids of platted hair. Sometimes a string of pearls twisted round one of these braids, forms the only ornament of the hair in full dress. The effect is very striking in dark hair.

Toques continue to be fashionable in full dress, and artificial flowers are in very great request. We should be glad to see them worn in smaller quantities, for the garlands, diadems, and large wreaths in which they are generally disposed, have, we think, much too glaring an effect.

In half-dress jewellery, coral increases in favour. Coloured stones are already very prevalent in full-dress jewellery.

Fashionable colours for the month are, Burgundy, which, we must observe, is a bright red of a peculiarly beautiful shade—brown, green, purple of various shades, deep blue, and bright lemon-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Oct. 21.

My dear SOPHIA,

I DARE say that by this time you have more than once shaken your head and declared that I had relapsed into my old habit of laziness, when in fact my silence has proceeded from a desire of sending you intelligence likely to be of service to you, and the dear little circle who model your dresses by the descriptions I am able to give you, of those worn by our Parisian *élégantes;* and as I flatter myself I have now a budget full of intelligence, of more value (to you I mean, my dear,) than that of a minister of state, I will without farther circumlocution proceed to open it.

Muslin, so long in favour for the promenade, is now very partially worn; it has been superseded by gowns of white and coloured merino cloth and shawl dresses. Levantine has also made its appearance, though much earlier than usual; and velvet spencers begin to be in some request. White, which was for such a length of time in estimation, begins now to be out of favour, and our promenades present a dazzling variety of colours of the most brilliant and beautiful hue. Blush-colour, deep blue, all the shades of rose-colour, dark slate, green, and bright citron, are now worn in dressess. As to the form of those most in request for the promenade, it is simple, and becoming to the shape, provided the lady who wears it is not too much *en bon point*.

The skirt, which is something fuller than those of the last two or three months, though still made without gores, is ornamented either with rouleaus of satin, or broad bands of plaid silk or velvet. The body is cut low; the back is narrower than they have been worn for some time; it is full, the fulness arranged in plaits, and one side of it wraps across the other. A piece of the same material, of about half a quarter in breadth, is plaited in large plaits, and tacked through the middle to the bottom of the waist; it forms a kind of jacket, and has a very jauntee air. The front of the dress is quite plain; it is cut so as to display the exact form of the bust, and it just meets at the bottom of the waist. A very short full sleeve, disposed at the bottom in large plaits, to correspond with the waist. *Fichu* and plain long sleeve composed of cambric, sometimes finished with lace, but oftener worn plain.

Spencers are also in request; they are made in levantine and velvet, but principally in the latter: they are ornamented with a profusion of buttons and braiding. The material of which the spencer is composed is left about two inches longer than the waist; and this part is cut either in round or square pieces, which are edged with either ribbon or braiding. This little appendage is very fashionable, but I cannot say that I admire it.

Some *élégantes* wear low bodies of velvet, which fasten behind, are ornamented at the bottom of the waist, as I have described, and the bosom; long sleeve, and plain half-sleeve edged with braiding. These bodies, which are also called spencers, are very fashionable for the promenade, and certainly on white merino or shawl dresses they look very well; but when they are worn, as they frequently are, over coloured dresses, they have often a bad effect, because the colour of the spencer contrasts ill with that of the dress.

The materials for hats and bonnets have altered for the better since my last letter. Crape, *gros de Naples*, and cambric have given place to silk *pluche*, which is of a new description: it is striped and watered, and is really uncommonly pretty: it is in general mixed with satin. Spotted velvet, velvet striped in shades, and a beautiful new kind of gauze with velvet spots, are now the materials considered most tonish for head-dresses. The forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes* have varied little since my last, except that the tops of the crowns are now almost all made round.

Flowers, particularly China asters, are still in request, but ostrich feathers are considered more tonish: they are worn long and curled; there are generally three; black and blue are most fashionable: if the hat is black, it is lined and trimmed with blue, and ornamented with two blue feathers and a black one in the middle, or else two black feathers with a blue one between.

I have lately seen some very tasteful *chapeaux* composed of striped *pluche* cut byas, and satin; the former plain, the latter full. Plain *pluche* is also partially worn: the hats composed of it are always either rose-colour or grey; they are generally ornamented with velvet auriculas. This flower, so great a

favourite with the Parisian *belles*, is rarely made in velvet so early in the season, but they are now beginning to be very fashionable.

The linings and trimmings of hats are now much better contrasted than when I wrote last. Black is lined always with blue; lemon, blue, and rose-colour are generally lined with white, and trimmed with blond round the edge of the front. Blue and rose-colour are most prevalent for the lining and trimming of grey hats. Many *belles* of good taste ornament their *chapeaux* only with quillings of ribbon of the same colour as the hat itself.

I have nothing either new or striking to describe to you in dishabille, the favourite material for which is still cambric, or English cambric muslin. Dinner dress is composed principally of merino or levantine; and the promenade dress I have just described is most fashionable both in form and trimming for dinner parties.

Gauze is the prevalent material for evening dress, the form of which does not differ from that described in my last. Spanish puffs are the favourite trimming; they are disposed with some novelty in a kind of wave, and are an intermixture of transparent gauze and satin. They are usually finished by a light edging of blond, and are frequently surmounted by a rouleau of satin intermixed with either pearls, beads, or chenille. A dashing *marquise* has lately introduced a trimming of a whimsical but not inelegant description: it is a flounce of scollop-shells composed of satin of three or four different colours, all of which are united in each shell. This curious flounce is headed by a double roll of blond and satin twisted together, and ornamented at each twist by a small rosette of satin. I dislike the mixture of colours in this trimming, but I think it would be very beautiful if it was composed of different shades of the same colour.

Hair-dressing has varied little since my last account of it. The hind hair is I think something higher; the front hair is parted so as to display nearly the whole of the forehead, and dressed in a thick cluster of ringlets on each side.

Toques have not varied in form since my last, and flowers still continue in high estimation for full dress; but wreaths are considered less fashionable than bunches of flowers. Fancy flowers are in very great request, as are also roses: but what is really very preposterous, the latter are generally of a deep but uncommonly brilliant red, and a yellow, which is a shade darker than lemon-colour, and which is also of a peculiarly bright hue. But the favourite ornament with all but very young ladies is coral; it is worn in sprigs, small wreaths of leaves, and sometimes little bunches of wild berries.

Though I am not an admirer of French fashions, there is one I highly approve, and I am sure you will be of my opinion: I mean the simplicity which prevails in the dress of very young people. Their appearance is always neat, plain, and unless of distinguished rank, the materials of their dresses are rarely expensive.

The fashionable colours at present are, green, dark blue, rose-

colour, deep lemon-colour, grey, and that shade of bright red which I have just mentioned.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me always truly your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 26.—AN OTTOMAN FOR A GALLERY.

THIS species of furniture has been introduced to us, as its name implies, from one of those Eastern nations where the habits of the people make them necessary—a people whose love of ease has taught them to devise ample means for its indulgence; and for this purpose the Ottoman is well calculated.

The design represented by the annexed plate corresponds in general form to the furniture alluded to, but its embellishments make it suitable to apartments in the usual style of decoration. The framework is composed of the valuable woods enriched with carved work, finished in burnished gold. The draperies are buff-coloured velvet, the pattern being embroidered on its surface, and bounded by bullion lace.

Should it be required to have the Ottoman of greater length, it may be extended without injury to the design.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN will publish on the 1st of December, *The Lord's Prayer* illustrated with seven engravings; also the eighth and last number of *The Dance of Life*, as a companion to Doctor Syntax, written in verse, by the same author, and illustrated with twenty-five coloured engravings, by Thomas Rowlandson.

In the course of this month will appear a *Selection of Ornaments*, in forty pages quarto, for the use of sculptors, painters, carvers, modellers, chasers, embossers, &c. &c. printed from stone at R. Ackermann's press.

The Muse of a Mr. Hamilton has promised us *An Offering*, which is to appear in December.

A History of a six Weeks' Tour through a Part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, with Letters descriptive of a sail round the lake of Geneva, and of the glaciers of Chamouni, will be speedily published.

The Early Minstrel, or *A Sketch from Rural Nature*, descriptive of a spring morning, with other poems, second edition, considerably altered and enlarged, in one volume foolscap, will be published early in March.

A new edition of *The Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life*, will be shortly ready.

Speedily will be published, *An Explanation of the Plan of the Equitable Trade Society and Chamber of Commerce*, instituted at London in 1817; together with Observations and Suggestions connected with the subject, calculated to promote the improvement of trade: to which are added, the rules and

regulations of the institution, by Frederick Arnaud Clarke, Esq. of Battersea-Rise, member of the Etruscan Academy of Antiquities at Cortona in Tuscany, *Inter Arcades* Filarco Elidense at Rome, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. T. Faulkner of Chelsea, is preparing for the press *A Topographical History of the Parish of St. Mary Abbott, Kensington*; including a catalogue of the pictures in the royal gallery of the palace.

A translation of the Russian Captain H. Golownin's *Narrative of a Residence in Japan* in the years of 1811, 1812, and 1813, with Observations on the Country and People, is in the press.

Madame de Staël's *Memoirs of the private Life of her Father, the celebrated M. Necker*, will soon appear in an octavo volume, French and English.

Dr. George Henning of Bridgewater, has in the press *A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption.*

The Rev. F. Homfray will soon publish a poem, entitled *Thoughts on Happiness.*

Mr. Charles Bell has in the press, *An Historical Account of the City and Environs of Winchester*, accompanied with descriptive walks, and illustrated by engravings from drawings by C. F. Porden.

The Memoirs of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, written by himself to a late period, and continued to the time of his death by his grandson, in a quarto volume, will be published next month.

Dr. Francis Buchanan has in the press, *An Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul*, in a quarto volume, with engravings.

Mr. T. Squire of Epping is preparing for publication, *A Grammar of the Elements of Astronomy*, for the use of schools and students.

Mr. Thomas Quin has in the press a poem, in four books, entitled *The City of Refuge.*

Delusion, a novel, in three volumes, by the author of Julia of Ardenfield, will soon be published.

The Rev. C. Maturin, author of the tragedy of Bertram, has in the press a *Tale*, in three volumes.

Mrs. Ryley of Liverpool is about to publish a novel, in three volumes, entitled *Fanny Fitzyork.*

The Actress of the present Day, or *Scenes and Portraits from Real Life*, a novel, in three volumes, will soon be published.

An English translation of the German novel, *Lawrence Stark*, by Professor Engel, will be speedily published.

Early in November will be published, *Time's Telescope for* 1818, or *a complete Guide to the Almanack:* containing an account of saints' days and holidays, with sketches of comparative chronology; astronomical occurrences in every month, comprising remarks on the phenomena of the celestial bodies; and the naturalist's diary, explaining the various appearances in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. To which will be prefixed an Introduction, containing the outlines of Geology and Mineralogy.

Dr. Clarke Abel, physician and naturalist to the late embassy to China, is preparing for the press a work, entitled *Personal Observations made during the Progress of the British Embassy through China, and on its Voyage to and from that Country*, in the years 1816 and 1817. It will comprise the author's personal nar-

rative of the most interesting events which befel the British embassy from the time of its leaving England to its return; together with his remarks on the geology, natural history, and manners of the countries visited. It will be printed in quarto, and be illustrated by maps and other engravings, under the sanction of the Honourable East India Company, and be dedicated, by permission, to Lord Amherst.

A Narrative is printing of *Discoveries in Africa*, by Mr. Burkhardt. He has for some years been travelling in the countries south of Egypt in the disguise of an Arab, and by the name of *Shekh Ibrahim*, under the auspices of the African Association. He is still, it is said, prosecuting his discoveries, and entertains sanguine hopes of being able to reach Tombuctoo from the East, and proceed from that city to the western coast. This would perfect the geography of northern Africa.

Dr. Turton has ready for publication, *A Conchological Dictionary of the British Islands*. A residence of some years in Ireland has enabled the author to bring forward a large accession of new and valuable matter in this department of natural history. The work will be in a portable form, and accompanied with a correct outline, from the author's own cabinet, of some individual of each genus and subdivision, mostly selected from such as are nondescripts, or not known to British collectors.

An *Oxford Encyclopædia*, or *Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature*, is preparing for publication, in twenty-five parts, which will form five quarto volumes.

Poetry.

SONNET.

Europe! how oft on thy ensanguined plains
Have tyrants arm'd against the rights of man,
Waved the red torch of war—unseen the chains
Which a false glory carries in the van;
Whilst Superstition, whose dark banner flows
Clouding the mental ray, in Heaven's high name
Spreads o'er the bleeding world a thousand woes,
And truth and virtue sink in one devouring flame!
Peace to the slumbering ashes of the brave!
May the stain'd earth, that weeping view'd their fall,
Thy plain, O Waterloo! be War's stern grave,
And peace once more illume the smiling ball!
Hence, ye vile sophists, in the demon's train!
Angel of truth, arise, assert thy golden reign!

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

By Henry Kirke White.

Moon of harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wild surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest Moon!
Now the Night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy,
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
O modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity!
May no winds, careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou shew'st thy face, O harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound:
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds, oh! hear his humble pray'r,
And while the Moon of harvest shines,
thy blust'ring whirlwind spare!

LINES,

Written in a Highland Glen, and ascribed to the pen of one of the most eminent of the living Poets of Scotland.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
E'en like a living thing?
Silent, as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound, that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie;
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth,
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh! that this lovely vale were mine!
Then from glad youth to calm decline
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And Henry's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious Heaven,
A piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time!

And did I ask, to whom belong'd
This vale? I feel that I have wrong'd
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all the children from their birth
Are joint heirs of the whole.

Yes! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her table undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own—
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amidst the skies!

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

Spoken by Mrs. W. Clifford in the character of Britannia, at the conclusion of the Naval Pillar, as performed at Yarmouth on the 15th of August, 1817.

Written by Mrs. J. Cobbold.

Hark to that shout! through ocean's caves
The peal of triumph rings;
And echo, on the bounding waves,
Renown's clear record brings.

Did not my kindling heart expand
As ever and anon some hero's name,
Borne on the wings of Fame,
Rose with fresh honours o'er this happy land?
But when upon her plumes of flame
My Nelson's flag of conquest rode,
Maternal pride, maternal feeling glow'd;

I felt each thought aspire
With more than patriot fire,
And own'd, in ev'ry wreath by Nelson won,
A mother's triumph in her fav'rite son.

When victory's exulting tone
Came mingled with the deadly groan;
When, ere it swell'd, the song of joy
Was hush'd into a lengthen'd sigh;
When the mute glance, and choking breath,
In silence told a hero's death,
Loose to the winds I gave my scatter'd hair,
And wept till sadness almost seem'd despair.

Now time has dried the tear,
And we can gaze upon that glorious light,
That in its new effulgence shone too bright
For grief's enfeebled eye to bear;
And they who deepest felt my woes,
Whose triumphs too were mine,
The hearts to worth and Nelson dear,
His friends, his countrymen, are here
To dedicate his shrine.

'Twas here that light of honour rose,
Hence shall its radiance stream afar,
And here its glories brightest shine,
Each future hero's guiding star.
Hail to his shrine, whose valour bore
My splendour and dominion o'er
The eastern and the western world;
And from the Nile to Denmark's shore,
My conquering thunders hurl'd!
Still in his glory's record lives my own,
And Nelson's pillar is my proudest throne.

Oh! well my Nelson's last behest
Is fix'd in ev'ry British breast;
All still are prompt and steady all,
At England's and at Duty's call:
Then let the patriot band
Unite in voice, in heart, and hand;
Swell loud and full the choral song,
And earth and air the sound prolong,
Till Ocean's depths reply,
And *Rule Britannia* echo to the sky.

LINES

To a Lady who refused to accept of a Knife from the Writer.

A knife, dear girl! cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love, perhaps it may;
For any tool, of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size and merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Chip what would dizen half a score.
The selfsame blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hopes of comfort long to last;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too;
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife would cut the moon),
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave all proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss (delicious treat!)
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such delicious fare,
And fond to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—cut and come again.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.